

THE
POEMS
OF
ARONET.

THE
2 M 10 9

THE 10 1 1

T H E
P O E M S
O F
A R O U E T.



VOS QUOQUE QUI FORTES ANIMOS, BELLOQUE
PEREMPTOS—
LAUDIBUS IN LONGUM, VATES DIFFUNDITIS CEVUM
PLURIMA SECURI FUDISTIS CARMINA BARDI.

LUCAN.

AND YOU YE BARDS, WHOM SACRED RAPTURES FIRE;
TO CHANT YOUR HEROES TO YOUR COUNTRY'S LYRE;
WHO CONSECRATE, IN YOUR IMMORTAL STRAIN,
BRAVE PATRIOT SOULS, IN RIGHTEOUS BATTLE SLAIN:
SECURELY NOW THE USEFUL TASK PURSUE,
AND NOBLEST THEMES IN DEATHLESS SONGS RENEW.

ROWE.



CHARLESTON, SOUTH-CAROLINA:

PRINTED BY BOWEN AND MARKLAND, NO. 53, CHURCH-STREET,
AND NO. II, ELLIOT-STREET. 1786.



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T O
AMERICAN POSTERITY;

T H E S E,

T H E

P O E M S

O F

THEIR BARD,

A R E

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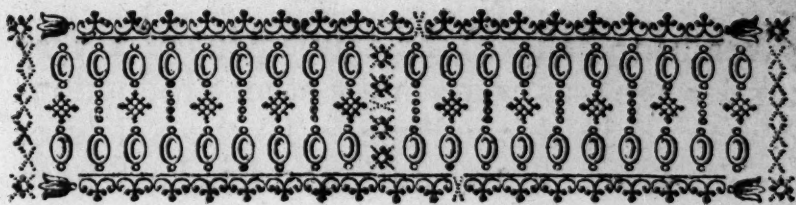
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P R E F A C E.

SOME unforeseen obstacles have hitherto delayed the publication of these Poems — They are now removed, and the Editors are happy that it is in their power at present to fulfil their engagements with the public.

A long indisposition of the Author, has not only retarded the publication, but deprived his readers of many pieces which would have made no invaluable addition to this Miscellany — He has promised, however, to make ample amends for this circumstance, as soon as the situation of his health will admit.

Many things in this collection are mere *Juvenilia* — They appear to have been hastily written, and destitute of *Limæ* labour. It is certain, that genius and precision are seldom united: and where correctness was never studied, but little can be expected. — The man who discovers a vein of fine gold, will seldom find fault with the ruggedness of the ore.

The Shield of Achilles was not translated with the view of rivalling Mr. Pope's inimitable version — but it was (as the author has given

given us to believe) the amusement of a very tender age; as were many other productions contained in this volume. To the Shield of Achilles, one or two curious notes have been subjoined by the author.

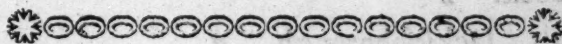
To conclude; let all those who doubt the divinity of our youthful bard, carefully attend to his writings: if they discover rhyme without reason, and sound without sentiment, let them infer, that born for oblivion, these Poems will assuredly perish; but if abstracted from the studied harmony of language, they rest on real merit, the good-natured critic will pronounce them at least tolerable.—The Rhymer and the Poet are easily distinguished —The true Poet, according to Mr. Pope,

Is he who gives my breast a thousand pains,
Can make me feel each passion that he feigns;
Enrage, compose, with more than magic art,
With pity and with terror tear my heart,
And snatch me o'er the sea, and thro' the air,
To Thebes, to Athens, when he will and where.

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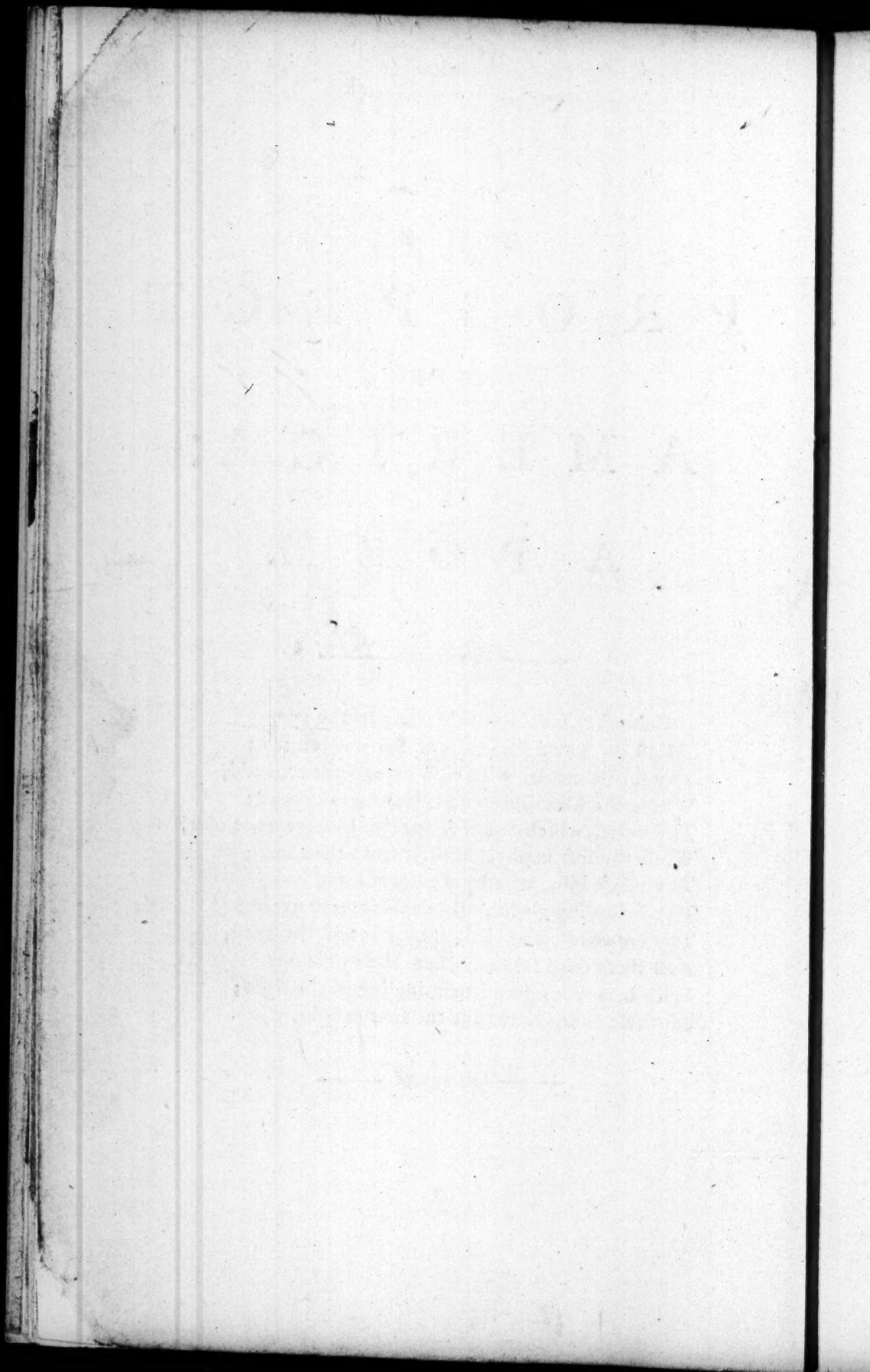
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T H E
P R O S P E C T
O F
A M E R I C A:
A P O E M.

Columba, hail!—fair rising to the eye,
'Midst the warm sun-shine of the western sky;
Thy fertile coasts, with rich luxuriance crown'd,
Where the blue Ocean rolls his waves around;
'Thy vales, which Summer spreads his fragrance o'er,
While the soft zephyrs waft it from the shore;
'Thy rising hills, afar by strangers seen;
'Thy spreading glades, thy fields forever green;
Thy crowded cities, length'ning round the coast,
And those deep forests, where the eye is lost
With beauteous grandeur mingling in the sight;
All these conspire to give the soul delight.



T O T H E
S E C O N D F A B I U S,
H I S E X C E L L E N C Y
G E O R G E W A S H I N G T O N, E S Q.
T H E
P R O S P E C T O F *A M E R I C A*,
I S,
(W I T H S I N G U L A R P R O P R I E T Y)
I N S C R I B E D,
B Y
H I S M O S T O B E D I E N T,
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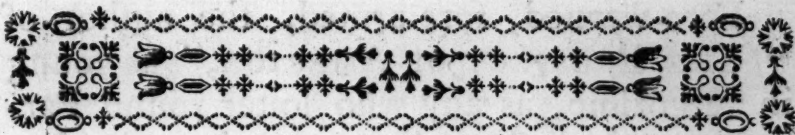
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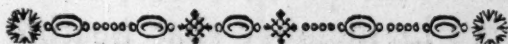
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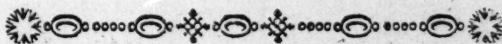
OF THE



INTRODUCTION.



“ For fame, with pains we gain, but lose with ease;
“ Sure, some to vex, but never all to please:
“ 'Tis what the vicious fear, the virtuous shun,
“ By fools 'tis hated, and by knaves-undone.”

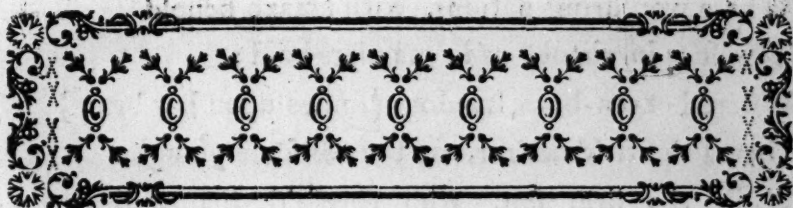


WHEN a writer first steps into the world, ignorant of its ways and manners, and totally unacquainted with that usage the children of Apollo so often experience——glowing with the fire of genius, and impelled by that vanity (inseparable from authorship) he imagines, that the world has nothing else to do, but read and applaud his productions; but, alas! Disappointment is the lot of humanity; and with what justice may the Bard frequently complain of the neglect of merit, the malevolence of critics, and the depravity of taste in general.

Fore-warned

Fore-warned, fore-armed, the author of "THE PROSPECT OF AMERICA," as young in authorship, as any who loiter round Parnassus, and who has seldom experienced either good or ill from the world of poetry or criticism, is, notwithstanding, aware of the consequences which must result from a first appearance in the republic of letters. From attentively revolving in his mind the fate of multitudes of his predecessors, he is induced to preserve in memory that beatific maxim left us by a celebrated writer: "BLESSED IS HE WHO EXPECTETH NOTHING, FOR HE SHALL NEVER BE DISAPPOINTED."





T H E
PROSPECT OF AMERICA.

INSCRIBED TO HIS EXCELLENCY GENERAL WASHINGTON.

—♦♦♦♦—
B O O K I.
—♦♦♦♦—

HAIL, fair Columba! dearer to my eyes,
Than all the pomp the eastern world supplies;
Warm from the conquest of thy hardy foes,
'Tis thine at length, dear land, to taste repose.
Hail, fair Columba! whose immortal fame, 5
Thro' the wide earth, already spreads thy name:
Nations shall own, and envy as they praise,
The Roman grandeur, dazzled by thy rays.
Hail, fair Columba! where no clanking chains,
No plaints are heard, no gloomy tyrant reigns; 10
Where

Where won'dring nations, with amaze behold
 Thy sons in virtue, as in manners bold ;
 Where heaven-born freedom (smiles upon her brow)
 Cheers the tir'd lab'rer, at the toilsome plough ;
 While thy firm son, who thresh'd his well-earn'd
 wheat, 15

In peace and safety shares the homely treat ;
 With conscious freedom cultivates his farm,
 And thanks his God, that none can do him harm.

Soft gentle rest the weary lab'rer craves,
 When the sun trembles o'er the western waves,
 First from the team, the toiling cattle freed, 20
 Or rove in freedom, or in plenty feed ;
 The faithful oxen, labour not in vain,
 Lo ! *Buck* and *Stirling* share their well-earn'd grain.

See, from his toil, the wearied master hie 25
 To yon low cot, which courts the trav'ler's eye ;
 With tardy step, he leaves the much lov'd field,
 Which many a year his hardy hands hath till'd ;
 For which, full many a day, with heart elate,
 He rose so early, and return'd so late. 30

" In homely guise," but richer far than gold,
 At the wide door, his much-lov'd wife behold :
 With heart-felt warmth, which might a grace become,
 She bids the good man hearty welcome home ;
 Then spreads before him what her stores afford, 35
 Cold beef and brown bread, crown the healthy board :
 While round their Father, from their fight so long,
 With eager haste the little prattlers throng,

With

With antic gestures, and with wanton glee,
 Hang on his coat, and fondle on his knee; 40
 With many a little tale, they draw the smile,
 And court his looks with many a playful wile.

Behold him now, with calm unanxious breast,
 Sink in soft slumbers on the bed of rest;
 Her silent shade, the night around him throws, 45
 And lulls his mind to undisturb'd repose,
 Till far away, the dark'ning shadows fly,
 And the bright morning reddens in the sky;
 He hails, with cheary song, the beauteous ray,
 Glad to resume the labours of the day; 50
 Fresh from his couch, to wonted toil he springs,
 Friend to no tyrants, envious of no kings.

Such men, O Britain! once upon the field,
 Bore down whole ranks, and made the mighty yield.
 Have you forgot, when tow'ring on the plain 55
 They came! thro' blood, o'er mountain-heaps of slain?
 Ah, no! your widow's tears, your orphan's groans,
 Shall tell the story to your future sons:
 Your future sons, their fathers yet unborn,
 Shall rue the rising of the fatal morn, 60
 When first provok'd to deeds of endless fame,
 Warm from the plough, each hardy warrior came,
 Snatch'd his known musket, join'd his corps, and soon
 Reap'd the thick harvest of deserv'd renown.

Behold our chieftains, bending from the field, 65
 To spots paternal, which their hands had till'd:

There

There the great warriors, who—(tho' strange it seem)
Directed armies—now direct their team:

Once march'd to glory o'er the field, and now
With equal grandeur march—behind the plough. 70

So once in Rome, great Cincinnatus rose,
And pour'd the storm of vengeance on her foes;
Towr'd on the plain (while terror flew before)
And bade the thunder of the battle roar;
Then, tir'd with conquest, but with laurel crown'd, 75
Sought his lov'd fields, and till'd his stubborn ground.

Now brighter suns illumine our smiling plains,
Where Peace resides, where Independence reigns.
Hail, Peace! thou witness of our happiest days:
Hail, heavenly-born! to thee we tune the lays. 80
No more grim War, the frighted land alarms
With scenes of slaughter, or the clash of arms;
Whilst thou and freedom, with returning flight,
Burst in full radiance on our raptur'd fight.

No lovely youth now bleeds upon the plain, 85
The rev'rend sire lamenting o'er the slain;
For him *no more* maternal sorrows flow,
Nor more the virgin sighs her bosom woe:
For God commands the rage of war to cease,
And sends us blessings in the form of peace. 90

Unshook by arms, unhurt by warring bands,
Firm as the heavens, our Independence stands;
From stubborn contest springs Columba's fame,
And the earth labours with the mighty name.

To those from whom (next heaven) such blessings
flow, 95

Their loud applause whole millions shall bestow:

Their

Their unborn sons, at many a distant date,
 Shall hail the men who dar'd defend the state;
 In glowing lustre shall their glories last,
 Each age still adding to the ages past : 100
 Beyond that day when nature sinks in flames,
 The skies shall glitter with their glorious names.

Long shall thy land with grateful ardor own
 Thy worth, O HANCOCK ! * Freedom's genuine son :
 First in the council, eloquent and wise, 105
 To save thy country, we beheld thee rise :
 With what smooth flow, thy copious accents winde
 Thro' the warm'd heart, and bear away the mind.
 How rose the patriots, resolute and bold ;
 How shook the senate, when thy periods roll'd : 110
 Thick on the field they stood, in dire display,
 Whilst thou, great chieftain, led the glorious way.
 With thee, an early candidate for fame,
 Thy firm colleague asserts the rightful claim ;
 Dear to remembrance, when all time is past, 115
 The name of ADAMS shall forever last.

When first with rapid course, like spreading flame,
 O'er all our coasts the sons of Britain came,
 His country saw their much-lov'd WARD † arise,
 Bold was his manner and his soul was wise. 120
 Thee

* Hancock and Adams, the two proscribed American Patriots.

† Ward, Hopkins and Elery, the three first delegates from the state of Rhode-Island.

Thee too, great HOPKINS, heaven-born freedom fir'd,
 And all the genius of thy land inspir'd.
 Then with heart-feeling warmth, with power divine,
 To rouse the soul, O ELERY! was thine;
 When strong and clear thy elocution flows, 125
 The ear is raptur'd, and the bosom glows.
 From men like these, with glorious ardour warm'd,
 Sprung the first Senates which Columba form'd,
 When Freedom's children fann'd the rising flame,
 And distant lands resounded to their fame. 130

While justice rules, while love of freedom charms,
 While greatness dazzles, and while glory warms;
 How can each bard unfinished, quit the lore,
 That shines with names for ages to adore?
 Amid such themes, the patriot soul disdains 135
 The trivial lay, and the ignoble strains.

RUTLEDGE! * to thee such honors all belong,
 Historic honors, and the poet's song:
 Th' immortal page to latest times shall tell,
 How great, how glorious, and belov'd how well. 140
 Full oft the senate of Columba's choice,
 Has claim'd thy wisdom, and thy patriot voice:
 And oft thy wisdom in event was seen,
 To guide the movements of the great machine.

When o'er thy land invasive Britain spread, 145
 With deeds of blood, and desolation dread;
 While all the firmness of thy soul was try'd,
 Thy country's genius triumph'd at thy side:

She

* J. Rutledge, Esq. of South-Carolina.

She saw thee, chief, in all thy greatness shine,
 And doom'd the honors of the patriot thine ; 150
 Intwin'd the wreath of glory for thy brow,
 And bade to thee, succeeding laurels grow ;
 That while the Bards shall of thy country tell,
Who greatly conquer'd, and *who* bravely fell,
 They'll sing, distinguish'd, from the train approv'd, 155
 RUTLEDGE the great, the honor'd, and belov'd.

Long live the man in early contest found,
 Who spoke his heart, when dastards trembled round ;
 Who, fir'd with more than Greek or Roman rage,
 Flash'd truth on tyrants from his manly page : 160
 Immortal PAYNE, whose *Pen* surpois'd we saw,
 Could fashion empires, while it kindled war——
 When first with awful pow'r to crush the foes,
 All bright in glitt'ring arms, Columba rose ;
 From thee our sons the glorious mandate took, 165
 As if from heaven some oracle had spoke ;
 And when thy pen reveal'd the grand design,
 'Twas DONE, Columba's liberty was thine.

Great WASHINGTON ! thy sounding fame inspires
 The heaven-rapt Bard, with more than human fires : 170
 Come, like THYSELF, with all the dazzling rays
 Of glory crown'd, thou fairest child of praise :
 O ! Come ! as when victorious on the plain,
 The vanquish'd legions trembled in thy train ;
 When thro' the earth thy bright'ning splendor shone, 175
 And glad Columba hail'd her conq'ring son.

Britannia

Britannia first, in swarmy numbers proud,
 Frown'd on the hill-tops like a blacken'd cloud ;
 Then we beheld thee, glorious Chief—thy arm
 Swept the thick ranks, and shook the battle storm: 180
 While thy firm squadrons, thro' the curling gloom,
 In steady thunders pour'd Britannia's doom.
 As when o'er guilty heads, J E H O V A H forms
 Black sheets of vengeance, and impending storms,
 The power of heaven his whole creation shrouds, 185
 In fable horror, and a night of clouds ;
 Lo ! swift as thought, the angry flashes fly,
 Red flames and darkness mingling in the sky :
 Terrific contrast ! while with deepen'd sound
 The thunder speaks!—loud, awful, and profound: 190
 Heaven's chosen fav'rites tremble at the sign,
 And guilty wretches fly the wrath divine.

Thus where thy arm the storm of battle spread,
 Trembling and pale the adverse legions fled ;
 Nor all escap'd—for numb'ring with the slain, 195
 What mighty warriors prest the sanguine plain:
 Unhappy youths ! destin'd to view no more
 The whit'ning prospect of fair Albion's shore ;
 No more from fighting fields the warriors come,
 For fate denies to view their natal home. 200

As broad black billows, boiling from the deep,
 Burst in destruction on the shatter'd ship,
 When roaring north the foamy surge deforms,
 And rolls dread ruin from an hundred storms ;
 Such, and so dreadful, o'er th' astonished foes, 205
 Burst the red vengeance, when thy wrath arose.

To thee, great Chieftain, now far lovelier pours
 The soft smooth sound, where no rough torrent roars.
 From scenes of slaughter, where the echoing heath
 Is shook with battle, and is fill'd with death ; 210
 From shouting bands, tumultuous in applause ;
 From wondring states, ambitious of thy laws,
 Thou turn'st.—What chief could (O Columba!) shine,
 With all the heaven-born dignity of thine ?

Once more to thy fair seats we view thee come, 215
 While each pleas'd neighbour gratulates thee home :
 On grass-green Vernon lovelier beams the morn,
 And glad Potowmack murmurs thy return.

ILLUSTRIOUS CHIEF ! amidst thy sweet retreat,
 May'st thou live happy, as thou'rt good and great : 220
 While yet thou view'st, with transport in thy eyes,
 Thy darling land, in full orb'd glory rise ;
 While no dark tyrant o'er Columba frowns,
 But glorious freedom ev'ry blessing crowns,
 While raptur'd states in gratitude bestow 225
 Their thanks, for blessings, which to thee they owe.

No more thy bands their WASHINGTON implore,
 Thy rescu'd country calls to arms no more ;
 But smiling heaven has lull'd thy cares to rest,
 And calm'd, with lenient hand, thy troubled breast : 230
 'Midst sweet retirement, bids thy labours cease,
 And gild's the evening of thy day with peace.
 In halcyon flow, and smooth as summer seas,
 Thy hours shall pass in philosophic ease,
 Till time shall gently beck thee from the stage, 135
 In the mild mellow of a ripe old age ;

And

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 And gild's the evening of thy day with peace.
 In halcyon flow, and smooth as summer seas,
 Thy hours shall pass in philosophic ease,
 Till time shall gently beck thee from the stage, 135
 In the mild mellow of a ripe old age ;

And

And many an eye shall start the gushing tear,
While thy lov'd country holds thy mem'ry dear.

Nor shall thou mourn in Alexandrian lays, *
Thou hadst no HOMER to record thy praise : 240
For many a Bard of ages yet unborn,
Shall, with thy name, the tuneful lays adorn ;
In lasting archives shall thy glories rest,
Engrav'd forever in each grateful breast ;
In ev'ry heart thy monument be known, 245
With this inscription: " HERE IS WASHINGTON."

To thee, O GREENE ! each muse her tribute pays;
Great Chieftain ! crown'd with never-fading bays :
Thy worth thy country, ever grateful, owns
Her first of warriors, and her best of sons. 250

Hail, PUTNAM ! † hail, thou venerable name !
Tho' dark oblivion threats thy mighty fame,
In vain it threats—for long shalt thou be known,
Who first in virtue, and in battle shone,
When four-score years had blanch'd thy laurell'd
head, 255
Strong in thine age, the flame of wrath was spread.

Behold what names Fame's swelling list adorn !
Great glorious names, for age eternal born.

There

* It was a well known lamentation of Alexander the Great, that he was destitute of a Homer to celebrate his actions.

† The brave Putnam seems to have been almost obscured amidst the glare of succeeding worthies; but his early and gallant services, entitle him to an everlasting remembrance.

There GATES, there WAYNE, there LINCOLN stand
enroll'd,

And FLEURY glitters there in letter'd gold. 260

To these Columba at the latest day,

The debt of heart-felt gratitude shall pay :

They once in hours of gloomy danger rose,

Towr'd on her fields, and crush'd her stubborn foes:

Now to their country ends their great design, 265

In heaven-born peace, and liberty divine.

What forms* are they, which flit along the glades
With silent sweep?—What visionary shades?

Ah! see them move, the brave, the bleeding train

Of glorious men, in fields of battle slain. 270

There was thy wound, Columba—still to thee,

In mem'ry dear, thy martyr'd sons shall be ;

Their names, their fates, remotest ages hear,

While virtue sheds the sympathizing tear.

See yonder ghost, whose palid face out-vies 275

The white moon, glimm'ring in the eastern skies :

His shadowy arms! His mantle like the snows!

His wounded breast, whence seeming crimson flows :

He was the first who gain'd the martyr's fame ;

Say, who has heard not mighty WARREN's name? 280

There flits great MERCER's shade, and here is known
The much lov'd YEATES,—fair freedom's genuine son.

But who emerges from yon gloomy cloud,

With bleeding bosom crimsoning his shroud?

C

'Tis

* The poet beholds passing before him, the ghosts of those
brave men who fell in the American contest.

'Tis he ! In all the pomp of death display'd, 285
MONTGOMERY *comes* ! — behold the mighty shade.

Greater than life, while never to divide,

Lo ! WOLFE, immortal WOLFE, attends his side.

M'PHERSON's too ! and (who can tears refrain ?)

See ! — gentle CHEESEMAM glides along the plain. 290

Hail ! warrior shades ! whose awful tombs are found
On *Abram's Plain*, that consecrated ground.

Hail ! ye great chieftains ! who, amidst the roar
Of thund'ring cannon, lav'd the field in gore :

Still shall your mem'ry wake the tender tear, 295

Dear to your country, to whole nations dear :

Columba's bard, smit with the heaven-born flame,

To latest times perpetuates your name ;

While heaven's first angel bids your glories rise,

And prints them deathless in your native skies. 300

But ye, great worthies, genuine sons of praise,

Whose patriot virtues claim immortal lays ;

Blame not the poet, if his much-lov'd song

Nor bears the glory of your deeds along ;

For should he strive to sound each mighty name, 305

With which his country swells the list of fame,

'Midst the vast labour of the arduous tale,

His time, his numbers, and his verse would fail.

Columba, Hail ! fair rising to the eyes,

'Midst the warm sun-shine of the western skies : 310

Thy fruitful coasts, with rich luxuriance crown'd,

Where the blue ocean rolls his waves around :

Thy vales, which summer spreads his fragrance o'er,

While the soft zephyrs waft it from the shore : 315

Thy

Thy verdant hills, afar by strangers seen;
 Thy spreading glades, thy fields forever green;
 Thy rising cities, length'ning round the coast,
 And those deep forests, where the eye is lost
 With beauteous grandeur mingling in the sight; 320
 All these conspire to give the soul delight.

To thy warm plains, the northern subject flies
 From the cold pinching of inclement skies;
 While India's children, from her sun-burnt glades,
 Seek cool retirement in thy happier shades. 325
 The man of wealth, whose gather'd stores exceed
 The happy sums ten thousand wretches need,
 Surveys the prospect, beauteous all and fair,
 And leaves his native for Columba's air;
 While the poor wretch, by pallid hunger nurs'd, 330
 Worn down by labour, and by taxes curst,
 From lands where famine or a tyrant reigns,
 Comes, and is happy on thy lovelier plains.

See thy blest sons in ev'ry shape renown'd,
 Some tend the flocks, while others till the ground; 335
 Some shear the sheep, and fleece on fleece they spread,
 From whence the matron spins the length'ning thread;
 While the lone lab'rer thro' the forest hies,
 And fells those woods which soon in fleets must rise.

Nor in rude arts thy sons excel alone, 340
 Are they not great in paths of science known?
 Do they not tread that spot the muses love,
 Thro' flow'ry mazes of the laurel grove?

Yes, fair Columba, rushing into day,
 See where thy FRANKLIN points the glorious way; 345
 Like

Like NEWTON skill'd, dark error to controul,
 And pour bright knowledge on the enraptur'd soul.
 See where the Sage all venerable stands,
 Th' electric tube red glimm'ring in his hands.

Go, mighty Genius, where thy judgment spreads 350
 The road to glory——where fair science leads.
 From yon black clouds, that low with tempests bend,
 Compel the angry thunder to descend ;
 And as the light'ning flashes swift on high,
 O ! seize it glimm'ring from the darken'd sky : 355
 Then, like thyself, with flame envelop'd o'er,
 While round thy brow thy thunders harmless roar,
 Rise greater still——from tyrants snatch the rod,
 And be the second only to thy God.

Thou hast—for lo ! whence swelling oceans foam, 360
 Fair to the view, commutual treaties come.
 Thy wisdom join'd the widely diff'ring powers,
 And made sweet Peace and Independence ours.

Thro' the calm breast what lov'd ideas roll,
 What flowing periods elevate the soul, 365
 When the great *Farmer*,* gen'rous, clear and strong,
 Bears the rais'd mind by magic power along.
 Well known that pen, in smooth persuasion skill'd,
 Which none but Freedom's DICKENSON can wield.

Behold great WINTHROP, studious to explore 370
 The mystic page of philosophic lore ;
 Nor studious less to view that tome refin'd,
 Which heaven, indulgent, opens to the mind.

There

* J. Dickenson, Esq. the celebrated author of the *Farmer's Letters*.

There WILLIAMSON pursues the mazy road,
 And points thro' Nature's works, to Nature's God. * 375
 There too great OLIVER, his page refines,
 And vindicates the Omnipotent designs;
 Shews the red comet, which thro' æther flames,
 The fovereign *Wisdom* of its God proclaims.

Here

* This is the true end of philosophy; here all her researches terminate.—What can be more *beautiful*, and at the same time more *just*, than the following passage from the immortal Fencelon :

“ He discoursed with Mentor of the first cause which formed the heavens and the earth; of that infinite unchangeable light, which is communicated to all without being divided; of that fovereign universal truth which illuminates all spirits, as the sun illuminates all bodies. The man, added he, who has never seen this pure light, is as blind as one who is born blind; he passes his life in profound darkness, like the nations which the sun enlightens not for many months in the year. He thinks himself wise, and is a fool; he thinks he sees all things, and sees nothing, and dies without having seen any thing : at most, he perceives but glimmering and false lights, vain shadows, and phantoms that have nothing of reality. Such is the condition of all who are carried away by the pleasures of sense, and the allurements of imagination. There are in the world no men really rational, except those who consult, who love, who obey this eternal reason. It is that which inspires us with good thoughts; it is that which reproves us for our ill ones. We are indebted to it for our understanding, as well as for our lives; it is like a *great ocean of light*; our souls are like *rivulets* which flow from it, and return into, and are lost in it again.” How few are the philosophers of the present age who realize such noble sentiments!

Here our lov'd poets tune the immortal lays, 380
 While praise inspires, for much they merit praise.
 Hark! FRENEAU's voice attunes the solemn air,
 He sings to freedom, and he sings of war;
 With noble warmth, shews man created free,
 "When GOD, from chaos, gave this world to be." 385
 What plaintive song, what melancholy tale,
 Rides on the breeze, and spreads upon the vale?
 'Tis BARLOW's * strain, which solemn pours along,
 For HOSMER's dead, and sadden'd is the song.
 Here the fair volume shews the far spread name 390
 Of wondrous WHEATLY, † *Afric's* heir to fame.
 Well is it known what glowing genius shines,
 What force of numbers, in her polish'd lines:
 With magic power the grand descriptions roll
 Thick on the mind, and agitate the soul. ‡ 395
 Such

* Mr. Joel Barlow, of Connecticut.——At the time when this was written, the author had only seen his *Elegy on Judge Hosmer*, which contains much sublimity.

† Phillis Wheatly, a negro, and the authoress of some ingenious poems, which seem to be entitled to a remembrance here, although not written by a native of America.

‡ We need only peruse the following lines, extracted from her poems, to be convinced of this:

"When Homer paints, lo! circumsus'd in air,
 "Celestial Gods, in mortal forms appear:
 "Swift as they move, hear each recess rebound,
 "Earth quakes, heaven thunders, and the shores resound.
 "Great fire of verse, before my mortal eyes
 "The lightnings flash along the gloomy skies:
 "And as the thunder shakes the heavenly plains,
 "A deep-felt horror creeps thro' all my veins."

Such warmth of fancy, once a MAYLEM * fir'd,
 Untaught he sung, by all the muse inspir'd.

Near each fam'd city o'er the wide domain,
 Where beauteous nature spreads the level plain,
 Where healthy breezes spin the lengthen'd age, 400
 The youthful student turns the classic page ;
 From noise retir'd, salubrious airs invite
 The soul to knowledge——teeming with delight.
 On such fair spots, the trav'ler with surprize 405
 Sees many a college in bright prospect rise :
 There the learn'd youth the willing tribute pays,
 To his lov'd ancients——“ Bards of other days ;”
 There, taught the force of rolling Greek to join,
 With the smooth polish'd *Ciceronian* line, 410
 He stands for fame, and add a rival soon
 To STILES, † to VARNUM, ‡ or to WITHERSPOON.

Rich in the knowledge of five thousand years,
 Lo! lovely fair philosophy appears,

With

* John Maylem was a poet of genius, who lived not many years since. His productions bear every mark of a deficient education ; but his genius rose superior to every inconvenience, and he remains a shining example of the Horatian maxim, that “ *Poeta nascitur non fit.*”

† The Rev. Ezra Stiles, D. D. and President of Yale College, in Connecticut ; a gentleman of distinguished abilities, uniting the amiable qualities of a great philosopher and most excellent divine.

‡ James M. Varnum, Esq. an eminent attorney in the State of Rhode-Island.

With smiles of joy, with pleasure in her eyes, 415
 Beholds her young Academy arise;
 Complacent views societies that join
 In wisdom's sacred cause, and science all divine.

Here kindly nature every blessing spreads
 O'er the brown forests, and the flow'ry meads. 420
 See yon tall pine which threatens to the sky,
 And must, ere long, thro' sea-green surges fly,
 Chang'd to a mast, (for so the fates decree)
 On some proud ship it rides the billowy sea.
 There towers the oak, for many a purpose good, 425
 'Midst all his pride, the monarch of the wood.
 Here poplars rise, and ever weeping there
 In constant verdure, the balsamic fir.
 Tall maples here their treasur'd sweets disclose,
 And there the poets much lov'd laurel grows; 430
 With many a tree unknown to other skies,
 And many a forest whence their navies rise.

Hence swarming merchants o'er the briny floods,
 In hollow ships shall bear the leafless woods;
 And hence to distant climes they too shall bear 435
 The well-spun cordage, and the unequal'd tar.

No more the loom of fair Hibernia groans
 With the rich linen for Columba's sons;
 For native here, it emulates the snows,
 And here the silk with native purple glows. 440

As the wide sea, her reflux billows pours,
 Now flows, now ebbs upon the sounding shores;*
 So

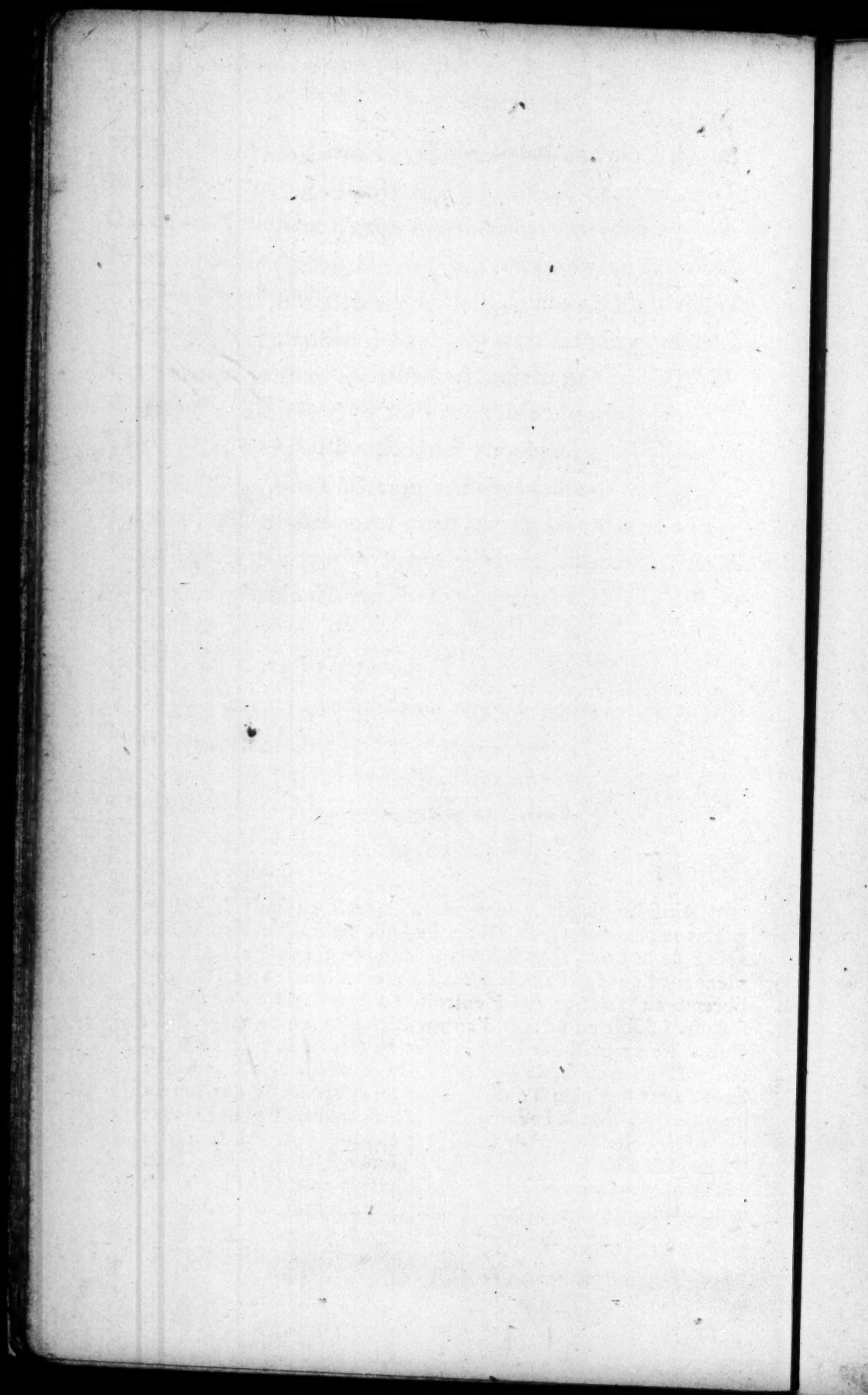
* These lines, and some of the following, are translated
 almost literally from the Archbishop of Cambray:

So fair Columba's wayward merchants roam
 To ev'ry port, from ev'ry port they come,
 And wealthy nations pour the golden tide, 445
 As waves on waves o'er sea-green oceans ride ;
 While nothing enters, but for use design'd,
 Lo ! ev'ry export leaves its wealth behind.
 'Midst swarming nations heaven-born justice reigns
 O'er the throng'd cities, and the busy plains ; 450
 While smiling freedom, whence loud surges roar,
 Invites fair commerce to her peaceful shore.

The swarthy merchant, here from eastern skies,
 Whence from the deep the beams of morning rise ;
 Or o'er the dark blue surge, whence Phœbus laves 455
 His setting glory in the western waves,
 Receives delighted, what our country gives,
 Where free—where happy, as at home he lives.



“ Ainsi les peuple y accoururent bientôt en foule de toutes parties le commerce de cette ville étoit semblable au flux & reflux de la mer. Les Trésors y entroient comme les Flats viennent l'un sur l'autre. Tout y étoit apporté et en sortoit librement : Tout ce qui y entroit, étoit utile ; tout ce qui en sortoit, laissoit en sortant d'autres Richesses en sa place. La Justice sévère présidoit dans le Port au milieu de tant de nations. La Franchise, la bonne-Foi, la candeur sembloient Du haut de ces superbes Tours appeller les Marchands, des Terres les plus éloignée : Chacun de ces Marchands, soit qu'il vînt des Rives orientales où le soleil sort chaque Jour du sein des Ondes, soit qu'il fût parte de cette grande Mer où le soleil lassé de son cours va éteindre ses Flux, vivoit paisible & en sureté dans sa lente comme dans sa Patrie.” *Telemaque, Liv. xii.*



ADDITIONAL NOTES

T O T H E

PROSPECT OF *AMERICA*.

PAGE 8, VERSE 21 to 52.

The great author of *Telemachus* has a beautiful picture of rural simplicity, in his twelfth book; which though intended for far other times and nations than those of America, is however not unfamiliar to the above description; which it greatly exceeds in beauty of colouring. The author of this Poem has but faintly sketched the scene; but the great Fœnelon had already given it the highest finish.

“ Mean-time the mother, with the rest of the family, prepares a plain repast for her husband and her dear children against they return, fatigued with the toils of the day; she milks her cows and her sheep, which pour whole rivers into her pails; she makes a good fire, about which the harmless family divert themselves with singing every evening, till the time of soft repose; she prepares cheeses, chestnuts, and preserved fruits as fresh as if they were just gathered.

“ The shepherd returns with his pipe, and sings to the assembled family the new songs which he has learnt in the neighbouring hamlets. The husbandman comes in with his plough, and his weary oxen advance, hanging down their heads, with a slow and tardy pace, notwithstanding the good which urges them on. All the evils of labour end with the day. The poppies, which sleep by the command of the gods, shed over the earth, sooth all gloomy cares by their charms, and hold all nature in a sweet enchantment; every one sleeps without anticipating the cares of the morrow. How happy such mistrustless, unambitious people!”

By

By way of contrast to this description, and to set it in the strongest point of view, let the reader examine Spencer's account of the Cave of Care; it is too long to find a place here, but may be seen at the end of the fifth canto in the fourth book of the Fairy Queen.

PAGE 10, VERSE 83.

At the close of this address to a man, to a commander, so greatly qualified, so eminently distinguished, and so much the darling of his country, as the great WASHINGTON, permit me once more to display my own want of ability, by giving the reader a description far superior to my own: it is taken from the *Shi-king*, a book of Chinese poetry, and was written in praise of Ven Vang, a celebrated king of theirs.

"The Lord has said to Ven Vang, I love virtue such as yours, it is not forward, it is not haughty. You know your enemy, make head against him with all your forces; prepare your war-like machines, make ready your chariots, march to the destruction of the tyrant; chase him from the throne which he usurps. Ye armed chariots, hasten not; ye lofty walls, tremble not: Ven Vang is not precipitant in his march; he breathes nothing in his anger but peace; he takes heaven to witness for the goodness of his heart; he is willing they should submit without fighting, and is ready to pardon the most criminal. Far from incurring any contempt by this lenity, he never appeared more amiable; but if they will not submit to so many charms, his chariots will arrive with a mighty noise: In vain does the tyrant trust to the height and strength of his walls; Ven Vang attacks, fights, and subdues him: he destroys his cruel empire; and this justice is so far from rendering the conqueror odious, that the universe was never more disposed to obey his laws." *Shi-king*, Ode iii.

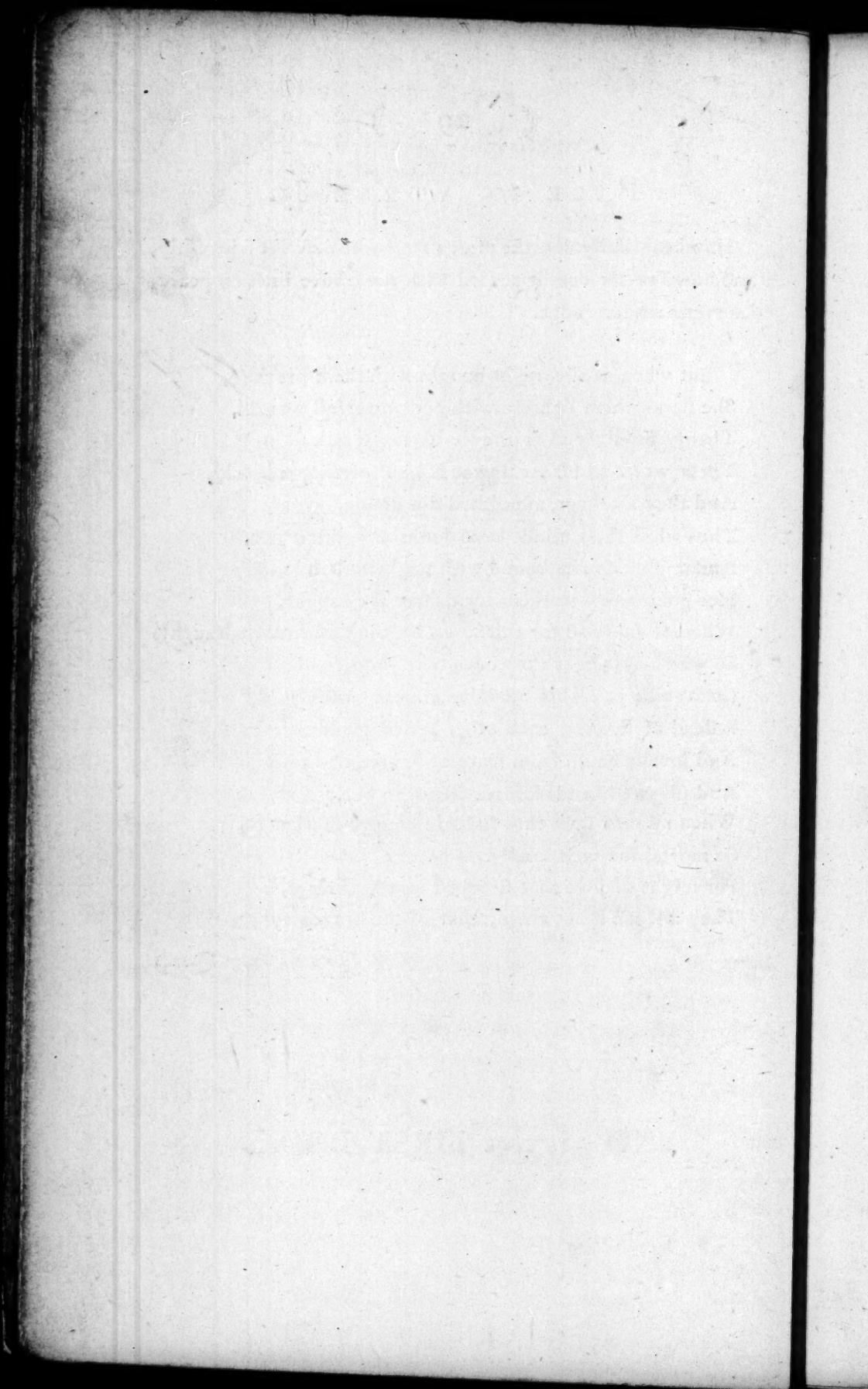
PAGE 10, VERSE 85.

How beautifully does the muse of Spencer describe friendship,
and how sweetly does it accord with the above lines on peace,
let every reader judge.

But when as alle might nought with them prevaile,
She smote them lightly with her powerfull wonde.
Thenne suddinly as yf theyre harts did faile,
Their wrathful blades downe fell out of theyre honde,
And they like men astonished did stonde.
Thus while their minds were doubtfully distraught,
And mighty spirits bound with mightier bonde,
Her golden cup to them for drinke she raught,
Whereof full glad for thirst, each drunk an hearty draught.
Of which as soon as they once tasted had,
(Marvaille yt is that suddaine change to see !)
Instead of strokes, each other kyssed gladd ;
And lovelie haulst from feare of danger free ;
And plighted hands forever frends to bee.
When all men sawe thys suddain change of thyngs,
So mortal foe men kindlie to agree ;
For might of joye that strangest wonder brings,
They all 'gan shout aloud, that all the heaven ryngs.

Spencer's Fairy Queen

END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

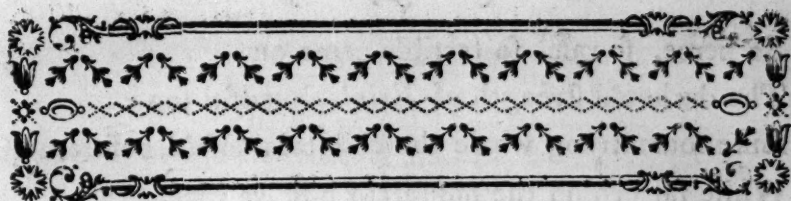


S W A R A N

A N D

C U C H U L L I N.

A



T H E
B A T T L E
B E T W E E N
SWARAN AND CUCHULLIN.

TRANSLATED FROM FINGAL.



AS from dark Cromla's * solitary sleep,
The foam down rushes with impetuous sweep,
When dark brown night is shadowing half the grove,
And thunder rolls all terribly above ;

E

So

* As torrents roll, increas'd by num'rous rills,
With rage impetuous down the echoing hills ;
Rush to the vales, and pour along the plain,
Roar thro' a thousand channels to the main.

Pope's Homer.

Aut ubi decursu rapido de montibus altis,
Dant Sonitum spumosi amnes, & in æquora currunt,
Quisque suum populatus iter.

Virgil.

So fierce, so vast, so terrible came on 5
 The darken'd strength of Erin's dreadful son ;
 Like some strong whale the chieftain rush'd before,
 While far behind the mountain billows roar,
 He roll'd his might along the stormy main,
 And pour'd forth valour like a stream of rain. 10

Like winter streams, impetuous from afar,
 The sons of Lochlin heard the moving war :
 First Swaran call'd, and struck his bossy shield,
 The son of Arno echo'd thro' the field :
 " What, like the gather'd flies of ev'ning still, 15
 " Comes rolling onward from the distant hill ?
 " The * stormy sons of Innisfail descend,
 " Or rustling winds the gloomy forest rend :
 " Thus wint'ry Gormal echoes thr'o the skies,
 " E'er in white clouds the bursting billows rise. 20
 " Go, Arno's son, and from the mountain's head,
 " View the dark valley whence the murmurs spread."

Trembling he went, and swiftly he return'd,
 His eyes roll'd wild, and in their sockets burn'd ;
 Slow, weak, and broken were his words express'd, 25
 His heart beat high, and labour'd in his breast.

Rise, son of Ocean, view the fields——
 Arise, thou chief of dark-brown shields ;
 For see——deep moving from afar,
 The dark——the mountain stream of war—— 30
 The

* As when the hollow rocks retain
 The sound of blust'ring wind.

The car——the car invades the heath——

The rapid car of gloomy death :

Behold it comes all dreadful on——

Cuchullin's car——old Semo's son

Like Ocean's wave behind it bends,

35

As golden mist the heath ascends ;

The stone-bofs'd sides shed sparkling light,

Like seas around the boat of night ;

The beam of polish'd yew display'd,

The seat of smoothest ivory made ;

40

The sides with glittering spears are crown'd,

And heroes press the bottom round.

Full on the right with rapid course,

Behold the proudly snorting horse,

Son of the hill (a gen'rous breed)

45

High-leaping, strong, broad-breasted steed ;

His hoof, with loudly-echoing sound,

All dreadful thunders o'er the ground ;

Above him spreads the flowing mane,

As streams the smoke on yonder plain ;

50

His sides reflect a beamy flame,

And Sulin-Fadda is his name.

Full on the left to deeds of war,

Dufroanel hurls the rapid car ;

The lofty, bounding, thin-man'd horse,

55

Strong hoof'd, and matchless in the course.

A thousand thongs the car intwine,

In foam the polish'd bridles shine ;

The thongs which gems bright-studded deck,

Bend o'er each courser's stately neck ;

60

The

The courfers—who with slacken'd reins,
 Like mist fly o'er the streamy plains ;
 No deer more rapid, wild than they,
 No eagle stronger on her prey ;
 Like winter blasts their echoes spread,
 Which roar from Gormal's snowy head.

65

And see the chief within the car,
 The strong tempestuous son of war ;
 'Midst clashing arms Cuchullin dwells,
 Old Semo's son, the king of Shells :
 His ruddy visage, to the view,
 Shines like my brightly-polish'd yew ;
 Beneath his brow with darken'd mien,
 The wide, blue-rolling eye is seen.
 As bending on he shakes his spear,
 Behind him spreads his flaming hair ;
 Fly king of Ocean, fly ; like death
 He comes along the streamy heath.

70

75

“ When did I fly !” the stormy king reply'd,
 “ From many spears that battled at my side ?
 “ When, son of Arno, from the loud affray
 “ Did I retire ? thou coward chieftain say :
 “ Dark Gormal's storm I met ; my waves foam'd high,
 “ Loud rag'd the heavens, but Swaran did not fly ;
 “ Nor shall he fly——tho' Fingal's self were here,
 “ The soul of Swaran could not yield to fear——
 “ Rise to the war my thousands, croud the plain,
 “ And pour around me like the echoing main ;
 “ Round the bright steel of gloomy Swaran stand,
 “ Strong as the rocks, the mountains of my land,

80

85

90

“ That

“ That meet with joy, the storms which round them
 “ pour,
 “ And stretch their dark woods to the tempest’s
 “ roar.”

As from two hills loud thund’ring to the deep,
 The darken’d storms of gloomy Autumn sweep,
 So fierce, so dreadful o’er the field of fame, 95
 In swift approach the gloomy warriors came:
 As from high rocks two streams of gloomy rain,
 Meet, mix and foam, and roar upon the plain,
 Loud, rough and dark th’ embattled chiefs appear;
 There Innisfail,* tremendous Lochlin here: 100
 On clanging steel, the clanging steel resounds,
 Men mix with men, and chieftain chieftain wounds;
 Bursts forth the gushing blood, and smokes around,
 And iron helmets cleft on high rebound;

Along

* The reader may compare this passage of Ossian, with a similar one in Homer:

Now shield with shield, with helmet helmet clos’d,
 To armour armour, lance to lance oppos’d;
 Host against host, with shadowy legions drew,
 The sounding darts in iron tempests flew;
 With streaming blood the slippery fields are dy’d,
 And slaughter’d heroes swell the dreadful tide.

Pope.

Statius has very happily imitated Homer:

Jam clypeus clypeis, umbone repellitur umbo,
 Ense minax ensis, pede pes, & cuspidè cuspis, &c.

Arms o’er armour crashing, bray’d
 Horrible discord, and the madding wheels
 Of brazen chariots rag’d, &c.

Milton.

Along the sky the rushing jav'lins sing, 105
 The polish'd bows remurmur to the string,
 And spears fall glimm'ring like the beams of light,
 That gild the dark face of tempestuous night.

As troubled noises of the ocean rise,
 When the loud waves roll mountains to the skies; 110
 As the last peal heaven's awful thunder yields,
 Such is the noise of the embattled fields.
 Though Cormac's hundred bards their notes prolong,
 To found the contest in immortal song,
 Weak is the voice an hundred bards could raise, 115
 To give the slaughter to succeeding days:
 Unnumber'd warriors on the field were spread,
 And wide the blood stream'd of the valiant dead.

Mourn, mourn ye bards, for silent in the grave
 Sithallin * lies, the noble and the brave: 120
 Let fair Fiona's † melancholy sighs,
 On the dark heaths of her lov'd Ardan ‡ rise:
 Like two fair deer they stood, but ah! the steel
 Of Swaran lighted, and the warriors fell:
 'Midst all his thousands, Swaran roar'd aloud 125
 Like the shrill spirit of a stormy cloud,
 That dim on Gormal, sees cold death enslave
 The sailor hapless in the flashing wave.

Nor

* Sithallin signifies a handsome man.

† A fair maid.

‡ Pride.

Nor yet inactive slept thy hand the while,
 Undaunted chieftain of the misty isle * : 130
 Cuchullin's steel in warrior blood was dy'd,
 And death was round him terrible and wide :
 His sword the war like lightning overturn'd,
 When men are blasted, and when hills are burn'd.
 O'er heaps of dead Dufronnel † snorted loud, 135
 And strong Sith-Fadda ‡ bath'd his hoofs in blood.

Behind their car appear'd the scene of death,
 Like groves o'erturn'd on Cromla's desert heath,
 When roaring winds across the plain have past,
 And night's dim spirits ride upon the blast. 140

Weep on the rocks of roaring storm,
 O beauteous maid of Innistore ; ¶

Bend

* The Isle of Sky, not improperly called the Misty Isle, as its high hills, which catch the clouds from the western ocean, occasion almost continual rains.

† Duh Stron Geal, the name of Cuchullin's horse.

‡ Sith Fadda, i. e. Long Stride.

¶ The maid of Innistore was the daughter of Gorlo, king of Innistore, or Orkney Islands. Trenar was brother to the king of Iniscon, supposed to be one of the islands of Shetland. The Orkneys and Shetland were at that time subject to the king of Lochlin.—We find that the dogs of Trenar are sensible at home of the death of their master, the very instant he is killed.—It was the opinion of the times, that the souls of heroes went immediately after death, to the hills of their country, and the scenes they frequented the most happy time of their life. It was thought too, that dogs and horses saw the ghosts of the deceased.

Bend o'er the waves thy lovely form,
For, ah ! the warrior is no more.

Mourn, mourn the desert rocks among, 145
Thou fairer than the spirit pale,
Which on a sun beam moves along
At noon o'er Morven's silent vale.

He's fall'n ! the youth is pale and low,
Beneath Cuchullin's sword he lies ; 150
No more his valour's gen'rous glow,
To match the blood of kings shall rise ;
Trenar, sweet maid, is in his tomb,
The lovely youth is ever lost,
His grey dogs howl around their home, 155
And see his plaintive shivering ghost.

Within his hall the stranger finds
His polish'd bow, unstrung and bare ;
No sound is in his heath of hinds,
'Tis all a mournful silence there. 160

On comes bold Swaran with impetuous roar,
As to the rocks a thousand billows pour ;
As some high rock a thousand billows braves,
So fierce Cuchullin met the king of waves.
And now death raises all his voices round, 165
The clashing shields mix dreadful with the sound ;
A cloud of darkness every hero stands,
The sword is fire which lightens in his hands.
As o'er the anvil with tumultuous noise,
With thund'ring din an hundred hammers rise ; 170
From wing to wing the sounds of battle fly,
And the wide fields re-echo to the cry.

Who

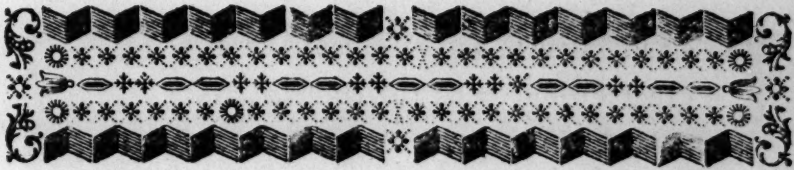
Who, dark and gloomy, like the clouds of rain, *
 With swords of lightning, move across the plain?
 The rocks are shook with all their shaggy moss, 175
 And hills around them tremble as they pass.
 Who but the king of waves, and Semo's son,
 (The car-borne Erin) come all dreadful on.
 What anxious eyes view dim upon the heath,
 The adverse warriors meditating death. 180
 But now within her gather'd clouds, the night
 Conceals the heroes, and delays the fight.

* As when two black clouds
 With heaven's artillery fraught, come rattling on
 O'er the Caspian.

Milton.



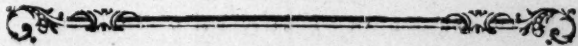
T H E
S H I E L D
O F
A C H L L E S.



T H E
SHIELD OF ACHILLES.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK OF HOMER.

I L I A D XVIII.



THEN form'd the artist-God, by skill divine,
Th' enormous work, and bade the surface
shine ;

A silver chain suspends the glowing shield,
And three rich circles glitter round the field.
Broad and five-fold of spacious plates 'twas made, 5
Where the great master all his art display'd :
Heaven, earth, and sea in wond'rous order shone,
'The full round moon, and the unwearied sun ;
The burning stars that o'er Olympus rise,
Crown the high heavens, and glitter in the skies. 10

Pleiads

Pleiad's and Hyads, and refulgent there
 Shone great Orion, with the constant Bear, *
 (Oft call'd the Wain) the star that never laves
 Her glowing axle in old ocean's waves,
 But wheeling round the pole with constant light, 15
 Keeps the red Dog-Star ever in her sight.

Two cities next the artist's hand display'd,
 Where nuptial feasts and festivals were made ;

The

* POPE'S TRANSLATION.

* The Pleiads, Hyads, with the northern team,
 And great Orion's more refulgent beam;
 To which around the axle of the sky,
 The Bear revolving points his golden eye,
 Still shines exalted on th' ethereal plain,
 Nor bathes his blazing forehead in the main.

Mr. Pope, amidst a small mistake of the sex, keeps only the forehead above water; but the poet seems to exempt her entirely; and so does Virgil, when he makes Fear account for the same phenomenon, that Ovid (who preserves all the fables of the ancients) ascribes to Force.

Maximus hic flexu siueoso elabitur Anguis
 Circum, perque duas in morem fluminis Arctos :
 Arctos Oceani metuentes Æquore tingi.

Virgil, Georg. Lib. i. 224

Around our pole the spiry Dragon glides,
 And like a winding stream the Bears divides,
 The less and greater, who by fate's decree,
 Abhor to dive beneath the Northern Sea.

Dryden.

The spouses from the bridal chambers came,
 Led thro' their city by the torche's flame; 20
 From every mouth soft hymeneals found,
 The rapid youths in circling dances bound,
 Breathe the sweet flute, and tune the silver lyre,
 From every porch the female crouds admire.

The market next contain'd a gather'd croud 25
 Where two dispute contentious and aloud:
 A mürd'rer he, from whose polluted hands,
 To urge the fire, his stern accuser stands:
 He pleads the payment made, and both demand
 Impartial justice from some judge's hand; 30
 Th' applauding croud, their acclamations rais'd,
 And now the one, and now the other prais'd,
 While sacred heralds, thoughtful and profound,
 Still'd the loud shouts, and rang'd the people round:
 On seats of polish'd stone, to hear the case, 35
 The rev'rend elders fill'd the middle place;
 Each in his turn, slow rising from his seat,
 The sceptre wav'd, and govern'd the debate;
 Two golden talents in the midst were laid,
 And his the prize who better judgment made. 40

The other town two glitt'ring hosts besieg'd;
 There flash'd their armour, there the battle rag'd:
 Both disagreed, if better to decide
 The city's ruin, or the spoil divide.
 Mean time the pris'ners secretly prepare 45
 For sudden ambush, and impetuous war.
 While left behind the walls, their city's aid,
 The fires, the matrons, and the children staid:

Fierce

Fierce at their head Mars and Minerva came,
 The gods of gold in golden armour flame ; 50
 They move, distinguish'd by superior height,
 More sweet proportions, and a blaze of light.
 Now at their stand they come, a river's brink,
 Where lowing herds and thirsty cattle drink ;
 Hid by their shields, the margin stream they line, 55
 Two spies, at distance, watch the lowing kine ;
 The num'rous cattle and white flocks appear,
 Slowly they move, two shepherds in the rear ;
 They tune their dulcet reeds, and all the way
 Suspect no danger, thoughtless as they play. 60

Now swift in view the rushing foe appear'd,
 They kill the swains, and captivate the herd ;
 The distant bands, rous'd at the shrill outcry,
 On thund'ring couriers to the battle fly :
 Then spears to spears the diff'ring hosts engag'd, 65
 Loud roar'd the war, and fierce the battle rag'd ;
 Fate and loud Tumult shake the echoing heath,
 And Discord busy in the work of death.
 There might you see the cruel Parca's hand
 Drag the dead soldier thro' the bloody band ; 70
 One pierc'd with deadly wounds beside her bled,
 Her steel flash'd lightning o'er another's head.
 All grim with blood she thro' the battle tore,
 And her stain'd garments dropp'd with human gore.
 Each form appear'd upon the wond'rous shield, 75
 To live, to move, to battle o'er the field :
 You'd think the figures really drew their dead,
 That the gold liv'd, and that the silver bled.

A large

A large deep furrow'd field was next display'd,
Where thrice the plough-share had unbound the
glade ; 80

Their useful team the sweating lab'ers steer,
And move on ev'ry side the stubborn share ;
Till, as they turn to end each furrow'd line,
They meet the goblet foaming o'er with wine.
Chear'd with the draught, a backward course they
bend, 85

And eager hasten to the next land's end ;
The field (Vulcanian art) was form'd of gold,
But black behind the turn'd-up furrows roll'd.

Another field the god-like hand engrav'd,
Where yellow corn high o'er the surface wav'd ; 90
Each reaper bending, handled the sharp steel,
The swarths in thick and equal furrows fell ;
Three steady lab'ers stand, in act to bind
The thick strewn corn, and follow close behind ;
While panting children carry to be bound 95
The thin loose swarths that scatter on the ground.
Amidst the heaps the master takes his stand
With silent joy, a sceptre in his hand :
Distant from these his household stand, and there
The feast beneath a shadowy oak prepare : 100
The victim ox they hold—and women knead
Their cates of wheaten flour—the reapers meed.

A vineyard next beneath his hand arose,
In rip'ning gold the yellow vintage glows ;
The dark plump grapes in heavy clusters rest 105
On props of silver, “ suing to be prest.”

A diff'rent metal closes all within,
 A darken'd trench, and pallisades of tin;
 One narrow path leads winding to the place,
 Thro' which the lab'ers to the vineyard pass; 110
 With woven baskets, forming in a line,
 The youths and maidens bear the latent wine.
 'Midst these a youth attunes the trembling strings,
 Old Linus' song the charming lyrist sings:
 They dance responsive to the tuneful sound, 115
 All join in chorus, and the song goes round.

Now herds of gold appear; the oxen tall
 Erect their heads, and bellow from the stall,
 Haste to the meadows, where with stunning sound,
 The rapid torrent thunders thro' the ground. 120
 Four herdsmen follow, glitt'ring in the gold,
 And nine large mastiffs, terrible and bold.
 Two shaggy lions seize a bull—in vain
 He roars, he struggles, dragg'd across the plain;
 They tear his entrails, and they quaff the gore, 125
 While swift to rescue dogs and herdsmen pour:
 In vain the herdsmen hearten them to rage,
 The dogs bark distant, fearful to engage.

Next a fair scene the ravish'd eye beholds:
 A beauteous valley to the sight unfolds, 130
 White, snowy flocks of fleecy sheep are here,
 And folds, and sheds, and cottages appear.

Then form'd the master hand the smooth advance,
 And various figure of the waving dance:
 Such Ariadne, beauteous queen, beheld 135
 In Gnoſſus court, by Dædalus reveal'd;

There

There hand in hand the youths and maidens join,
 Form the sweet wave, and undulate the line ;
 The youths in glossy shining silks appear,
 The beauteous maidens in the white *cymar* ; 140
 Fair wreaths of flowers their lovely locks embrace,
 The youthful band the golden faulchions grace ;
 All gaily at their sides, with graceful swing
 They hang, suspended by a silver string.
 Here swift they move, and rapid as they fly, 145
 The varying forms seem blended in the eye.
 Whirl'd in a circle flies the giddy reel,
 As on its centre turns the rapid wheel,
 (His finish'd labour when the potter tries,) 150
 And all too rapid for the sight it flies :
 At once they move, thro' devious mazes meet,
 And wind away the dance with measur'd feet :
 Unnumber'd crouds enjoy the pleasing sight,
 And gaze the revels eager with delight.
 In active feats two nimble tumblers bound, 155
 While the whole circle bears the song around.
 Thus grew the mighty shield, around the verge *
 Pour'd the great ocean with its rapid surge ;

He

* *En d' etitheï potamoio.* He described the rapid surges of
 the great ocean, and caused the waves thereof to roll round
 (or encompass) the whole circumference.

Mr.

He made the deep its whole circumf'rence lave,
And smooth against it beat the silver wave.



Mr. Pope observes, that this being the frame of the whole shield, is but slightly touched upon.—It was unhappy in Mr. Pope, that he was more negligent than his author.—Homer gives us, with sublimity, the “Foaming rapid course of the great ocean.” Of this Mr. Pope makes no mention; indeed Homer's Ocean, in the hands of Pope, appears to have lost considerably of its majestic grandeur.

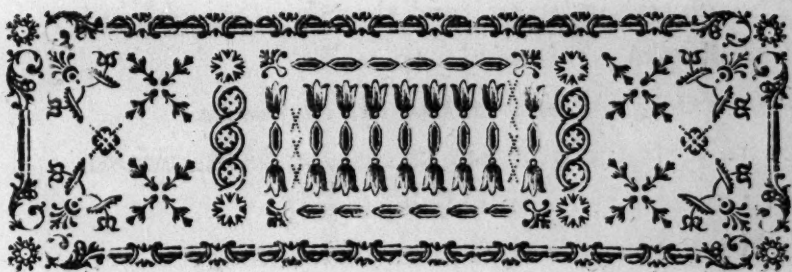
Thus the broad shield complete the artist crown'd
With his last hand, and pour'd the ocean round :
In living silver seem'd the waves to roll,
And beat the buckler's verge, and bound the whole.



E P I S T L E S

SEP 1 2 1 3

MISCELLANIA.



A D D R E S S

T O

ACROSTIC WRITERS.



YE scribbling herd, who in Acrostic lays,
Yourself, your writings, or a mistress praise :
Remit your labours, and for once attend,
The unsought counsel of a faithful friend.
Awhile give ear, attention shall repay,
The fond instruction of the well meant lay,
Acrostic labours, by no muse inspir'd,
Are prais'd by dunces, and by fools admir'd ;
Yet bards, and critics of superior vein,
In vile contempt have ever held the strain.

Thos

Those paltry works such judges ne'er could please,
 Though true in letters, and though wrote with ease :
 But all agree, this maxim to recite,

Who writes acrostics, nothing else can write.

Scorn'd are the wretched lays—and lost to fame,
 The author carries an oblivious name.

When Homer's muse in majesty of song,
 Pours all the thunder of the war along,
 We read no Anagram on Hector's name ;
 Nor was the prince of poetry to blame.
 (Achilles too, retir'd from martial strife,
 Writes no acrostic on his captive wife.)
 But the great bard, inspir'd by ev'ry muse,
 Bounds to the skies, and spurns all narrow views ;
 Swells the bold song, while list'ning crouds admire,
 And soars sublimely on the wings of fire.
 On comes Achilles with impetuous rage,
 The tumult thickens, now the chiefs engage :
 And now great JOVE, eternal Ruler, shrouds
 His whole creation in a night of clouds.
 Death follows death, the clashing arms resound,
 Loud roar the heavens, blue light'nings flash around.
 " Fierce Discord storms, Apollo loud exclaims ;
 Fame calls, Mars thunders, and the fields in flames,

But when wild Ossian wakes the celtic fire,
 The voice of spirits trembles on his lyre.
 He, pensive Bard, all lonely lov'd to stray
 O'er barren heaths, and every desert way.
 What warm description all his works unfold ?
 He writes, we hear ; he paints, and we behold !

While

While yet we read, the gale seems whistling still
Thro' the long grafs, on Morven's lonely hill ;
In ev'ry passing breeze we hear the dead,
And see the tempest roll o'er Cromla's head.

'Tis power like this awakes the mournful tear,
In that sweet Bard, unhappy Falconer,
Who thrills the soul with his poetic fire,
“ As lightning glances on th' electric wire.”

But ye vile rhymers, who in modern strain
Of base acrostics, tell the fair your pain,
Tho' just our judgment, tho' the muse be true,
Such grand descriptions are but lost on you.
You comprehend them not ; and trifles will
Best fill those heads, an Anagram can fill.

“ Love makes a man a poet”——grant it so,
Are ye then Bards?——Parnassus echo's——N O !
When ye have sweetly tun'd your sing-song lays ;
When just no meaning every word conveys :
Your theme complete ; the intended name pourtray'd
In side-long letters, prettily display'd :
Then rhymers know, y'ave gather'd all your fame,
And gain'd at last the POETASTER's name.
That name, by fops, and fools, and dunces priz'd,
By men of sense forever was despis'd.



F A B L E.



W H E N Homer wrote, as scholiasts say,
B A T R A K O M U O M A C H I A,

Hoarse frogs, a warlike race, were then

Immortaliz'd by Homer's pen :

There MERIDARPAX shines in fame,

His jav'lins flash, his eye-balls flame ;

His voice shakes all the region round,

And hills reverberate the sound.

There PELIUS too, terrific frog,

All dire emerges from the bog,

Gloomy as night—the mice he dares,

And lo ! the great PSYCARPAX fears.

Such mighty deeds were done—and more,

By mighty frogs in days of yore ;

They then atchiev'd such deeds of might,

As Homer did not scorn to write.

But bards no longer deign to praise

The frogs of our degenerate days ;

Tho' in old Æsop's happy time,

When beasts could talk, and birds could rhyme,

There liv'd a frog, whose mighty name

Deserves an everlasting fame :

He, with a great ambition fir'd,

By more than all the frog inspir'd,

Beholds

Beholds the bulky oxen feed,
 And emulates the horny breed :
 At once he spurns his native floods,
 Resolv'd to graze and dwell in woods.
 Thus while he meditates the scheme,
 Each feature swells——swells every limb;
 And now almost an ox he rears,
 His fancy'd horns, protrudes his ears ;
 Already scorns his brother frog,
 And stalks indignant o'er the bog.

But Jove look'd wrathful down 'tis said,
 To see the boaster's vain parade ;
 Then this dread fiat-thunder'd wide :——

“ You frog shall perish for his pride.”

But him nor thunders can controul,
 Nor tempests shake his steady soul ;
 Lo ! struggling into bulk he seems,
 Transported at his growing limbs ;
 When——so decrees resistless fate,
 And such the lot attends the great——
 The sinewy nerves, o'er-strain'd, divide,
 His fabrick burst——his frogship dy'd.

Insulted by his late disdain,
 The frogs in thousands croud the plain,
 Intomb the wretch with scornful laugh,
 And o'er him raise this epitaph :——

“ Such fates on VANITY attend,

“ And so shall PRIDE forever end.”

*
* * *

EPITAPH.

E P I T A P H

O N A N

O L D H O R S E .



L E T no facetious mortal laugh,
 To see an horse's epitaph ;
 Left some old steed, with faucy phiz,
 Should have the sense to laugh his——
 As well he might——for prove we can,
 The courser equal to the man.

The horse was of supreme degree
 At least no common steed was he ;
 He scorn'd the tricks of sly trepanners,
 And ne'er a horse had better manners :
 He scorn'd to tell a lie, or mince
 His words, by clipping half their sense ;
 But if he meant to shew you why,
 He'd out with't, let who would be by.
 And (how can man the blush restrain ?)
 Ne'er took his Maker's name in vain !

A better

A better servant horse was never,
 His master own'd that he was clever.
 Then to his equals all obliging,
 To his inferiors quite engaging ;
 A better Christian too I trow,
 Than some denominated so.
 In him we the good father find,
 The dutious son, the husband kind ;
 The friend sincere——though not to brag,
 The honest, and well-meaning nag.

Then let those fools who vainly laugh,
 To see an horse's epitaph,
 Go grope among the HUMAN DUST,
 And find an epitaph more just.



THE

T H E
H A P P Y M A N.
T O
H O R A T I O.



B L E S T with the joys impassion'd fathers know,
And all that heaven could in a wife bestow :
A wife endear'd to that congenial breast,
In three sweet prattlers most supremely blest.

Blest with enjoyments that on wealth attend,
And blest by heaven with many a social friend ;
In calm delight, whose ever-smiling rays,
Spreads a sweet sun-shine o'er thy happy days :
And blest to know, that high enroll'd in fame,
Ages shall love and venerate the name.
To every friend thy memory dear shall be,
And sweet the song be, when they sing of thee——
Oh ! read this verse, where blessings all combine,
And view thyself in each descriptive line.



P R O S P E C T

P R O S P E C T

O F

C A R O L I N A.

F O R J U L Y.



LO'wrastpt in sun-shine all divinely bright,
 Fair Carolina rises to the sight ;
 Here the hot sun, with fierce effulgent ray,
 Darts from his orb intolerable day.
 Unlike the northern beam, his fervid glow
 Pays fiercer courtship to the streams below ;
 Hence from each stagnant pool thick vapours rise,
 Curl to the clouds, and blacken in the skies :
 On such dire fogs, Death rides with murky wing,
 And here thy woes, O Carolina, spring !

When vertic sun-beams wrap the mountain heads,
 And the red Dog Star's cursed venom spreads ;
 Then smoke the hills ; for from the marshes round,
 The curling fog invades the higher ground.
 Unblest is he, who in this luckless hour,
 By dread experience proves its deathful power.

But what rash man, celestial muses say,
 Bends o'er yon mist-clad marsh his dangerous way ?
 O stay fond youth !——no living wight can bear
 The deadly influence of empoison'd air :

Stay

Stay while thy frame the rigid fibres brace,
 And vermeil health sports lovely in thy face :
 Stay e'er PHOBERA * thro' thy circling veins,
 Spread the dire prelude to more fatal pains :
 For know, youth, o'er yon dreary marshes glide
 The mists envenom'd, MIASMATA † ride ;
 If in thy veins they taint the gen'rous blood,
 Fair health adieu ! —and every earthly good.

Hence comes dire TERTIAN, Carolina's bane,
 And all the haggard family of pain :
 The van pale *horror* leads, and anguish blind ;
 Infernal *megrin* follows close behind.
 Taste not the air, for Death is in the breeze,
 And the whole Hydra of abhorr'd Disease.

* * * * *

CÆTERA DESUNT.

* The harbingers of disease.

† The seeds of diseases.



T H E

T H E
J O U R N E Y.



* * * * * * *

* * * * * * *

* * * * * * *

O U R destin'd course we next pursue,
 'Till Eutaw Springs appear in view ;
 Here we behold the bloody field,
 Where British bands were forc'd to yield——
 The fair historic page shall tell,
 That here full many a Briton fell.
 Our horses left, around we stray,
 And all the scene of Death survey :
 There lay a heap of bleaching bones,
 And there whole human skeletons ;
 In every prospect did appear,
 The sad effects of cursed war.

Here first my foot disturb'd with impious tread,
 The sacred reliques of the silent dead ;
 From a large grave, with skeletons display'd,
 To tear the peaceful bones I next essay'd——
 For here full oft th' anatomist may find
 The separate frames, which may with skill be join'd.
 First a large Tibia from the grave I tore——
 Next an Os Femoris, from distance bore ;

The

The different bones by art replac'd again,
 The left Trochanter still I sought in vain——
 But while my search laborious I pursu'd,
 Thro' the recesses of the spreading wood,
 In form scarce human, with terrific brows,
 The awful genius of the wood arose ;
 His reverend head a lofty cedar crown'd——
 A zone of bushes clasp'd his body round.
 Onward he came, all ghastly was his look ;
 The tall trees trembled, the whole forest shook ;
 At length in thunder his expressions broke,
 And slowly solemn thus the phantom spoke :——

I.

O ! impious stranger, suffer still to rest
 These hallow'd bones——and from dispersion save
 The sleeping patriot. Say, can'st thou molest,
 Nor let the soldier slumber in his grave.

II.

What pledge hast thou, unthinking stranger, say,
 What surety hast thou when grim death shall come,
 That none will tear thy peaceful bones away,
 Or none deny thy skeleton a tomb ?

III.

The bones thou see'st were drest with heavenly skill,
Whilom as thine, with nerves and vigour too ;
 Go ask of Britain, if she bears not still
 Their dread remembrance in each deathful blow ?

Those

IV.

Those sleeping warriors taught their foes to yield ;
 And FAME's shrill trumpet left no name behind ;
 But loud proclaimed thro' the bloody field——
 The brothers, friends, and fathers of mankind.

V.

Disturb not then the slumbers of the brave,
 At least these hallow'd bones a tomb afford ;
 For who deserves an honorable grave,
 Like those who earn'd it by the bloody sword ?

VI.

Depart in peace, forbear this hallow'd shade ;
 But think, O stranger ! as thou dost depart,
 And let the instruction which is here convey'd,
 With deep impresson sink into thy heart.——

Here ceas'd, and swift as light'ning's rapid flight,
 The horrid phantom vanish'd from my sight——
 Amaz'd I stood——by terror all inspir'd——
 I view'd, I trembled, and with awe retir'd.



WHAT IS HAPPINESS?



'T IS an empty fleeting shade,
By imagination made :

'Tis a bubble, straw, or worse ;

'Tis a baby's hobby-horse :

'Tis a little living, clear ;

'Tis ten thousand pounds a year :

'Tis a title, 'tis a name :

'Tis a puff of empty fame,

Fickle as the breezes blow :

'Tis a lady's YES or NO !

And when the description's crown'd,

'Tis just *no where* to be found.



RECEIPT

R E C E I P T

F O R A

C O U G H.



MUCH coughing, dear PHERE, with ease you
might spare,
Much hoarseness and trouble, much head-ach and care;
If a wet parlour floor you would seldom admit,
Or a window shov'd up in the room where you sit;
If abroad 'twere your rule but few moments to spend,
When the damp shades of evening unhealthy descend;
But when sable night with its vapours molest,
Be sparing of supper, be early to rest:
Then lie in the morning as long as you please,
While something diverts you—for nothing should tease;
With the steam of your *hyson*, if health you pursue,
Accept, without butter, a biscuit or two;
When you rise it will further the cure of your cough;
Tho' your dress should be light, let there still be enough;
Serene be your passions, your temper be calm,
Keep easy, contented, keep chearful and warm—
These are my directions—be this your belief,
I'm an ignorant old quack, if they give not relief.



REMONSTRANCE

O F

A L M A S A,

W I F E O F

ALMAS ALICAWN,

T O

GENERAL HASTINGS.



MY subjects slaughter'd, my whole kingdom
 spoil'd,

My treasures rifled, and my husband slain——

O say, vile monster, art thou satisfy'd?

Hast thou (rapacious brute!) sufficient wealth?

And, cruel muderer, art thou fill'd with blood?

Perhaps insatiate, thou art thirsting still

For human gore!——O may'st thou ever thirst;

And may the righteous Gods deny thee water,

To cool thy boiling blood.——Inhuman wretch!

Have not the bravest of my subjects bled?

Are

Are they not butcher'd ALL——A L L massacred ?

And did not India foam again with gore ?

Where is the murderer who has slain his fellow ?

Where is the robber ?——Where the parricide ?

Approach——for ye are innocent and clean ;

Your souls are whiter than the ocean foam,

Compar'd with him, the murrderer of MILLIONS !

Yes, bloody brute, the murderer of MILLIONS !

Where are the swarms that cover'd all my land :

That cultur'd land, of which each foot was garden,

Doom'd to support the millions of my host ?——

Are they not butcher'd all——all massacred ?

And butcher'd, bloody monster, by thy hands ?

But why ?——because, vile brute, thou must have
wealth :

Because thou must have wealth, my people bled ;

The land was floated with a tide of gore !

My fields, my towns, my cities swam in blood !

And through all India one horrendous groan ;

The groan of millions echoed to the heavens.

Curst be your nation, and forever curst

The luckless hour, when India first beheld you.

We have a custom here as old as time,

Of honouring Justice——why ?——because 'tis Justice ;

And Virtue is beloved——because 'tis Virtue.

As Indians need no hell, they know of none :——

You Christians say you've one ; tis well you have——

Your crimes call loudly for it. And I'll swear,

If HASTINGS is not damn'd, your boasted Gods

Are

Are worse than he: and Heaven itself becomes
A black accomplice in the monster's guilt.

HASTINGS! my husband was your prisoner:
The wealth of kingdoms flew to his relief:
You took the ransom, and you broke your faith:
ALMAS was slain!—'twas perjury to your soul;
But perjury is a little crime to you,
In souls so black it seems almost a virtue.

Know, monster know, that the prodigious wealth
You sold your soul for, was by justice gain'd:
'Twas not acquir'd by rapine, force, and murder;
The treasures of my fathers! theirs by conquest,
And legal domination; from old time
Transmitted by the father to the son,
In just succession. Now you call it yours,
And dearly have you purchas'd it—for know,
When the just Gods shall hear the cry of blood,
And of your hands demand the souls you've murder'd,
That gold will never pay their price—will never pay
Your awful ransom.—You must go where ALMAS
Sits on a lofty throne, and every hour
He stabs an Englishman, and sweetly feasts
Upon his bloody heart, and trembling liver:
For, monstrous wretch, to thy confusion know,
ALMAS can relish now no other food
Than “ hearts of Englishmen!” Yet thou art safe—
Yes, monster! thou art safe from this repast:
A heart polluted with ten thousand crimes,
Is not a feast for ALMAS.—Tremble yet,
He'll tear that heart out from its bloody case,

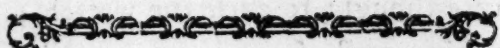
And

And tofs it to his dogs——full many a vulture
 Be poison'd by thy corse——wolves shall run mad,
 By feeding on thy murd'rous carcase——*More!*
 When some vile wretch——some monster of man'kind,
 Some brute like thee, perhaps thy relative,
 Laden with horrid crimes without a name,
 Shall stalk through earth, and we want curses for him,
 We'll torture thought to curse the wretch ; and then,
 To damn him most supreme——we'll call him
 HASTINGS!



JOSHUA.

J O S H U A.



ON that great day when heaven appear'd in fight,
 And Israel conquer'd the proud Amorite ;
 Amid the tribes intrepid Joshua stood,
 Array'd in all the terrors of his God.
 Whene'er he mov'd, the Heathen were dismay'd ;
 But, when he spoke, the host of Heaven obey'd :
 " *Sun, be thou silent o'er Gibeon's hill,**
 " *And thou, O Moon ! in Ajalon be still."*
 Then paus'd the astonish'd sun—the moon beheld
 Each scene of death, and hover'd o'er the field.

Then

* Joshua has been wrongfully accused of commanding the sun to stand still, and so of contradicting the Copernican System. This error has originated from our common version of the bible, and we have by this means overlooked a most remarkable beauty in the original.—Joshua does not, as vulgarly supposed, command the sun to stand still, that he may have day-light sufficient to conquer his enemies. This conquest appears to have been already effected. The sun and the moon are sublimely introduced

Then her dun orb, by power supreme controul'd,
 Pale thro' the heavens in silent grandeur roll'd——
 Say, shall not this to latest time descend,
 In the fair volume by the righteous penn'd ?
 For one whole day, by heaven's eternal will,
 The sun stood silent, and the moon was still.



T H E

introduced as spectators :—they are *silent in the midst of heaven*, and gaze with *astonishment* at the acts of Israel, of Joshua, and the terrible slaughter of the Amorites, by hailstones. Here was room for the boldest figures, and the sublimest astonishment, The sun and moon are introduced, they are called upon to be *silent* (i. e. astonished) and we are informed they are so. This is perhaps among the finest instances of the *Prosopopœia*; nothing can be more sublimely imagined. The following is nearly a literal translation from the Hebrew :

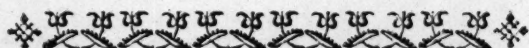
And Joshua spake to Aleim, the day when Aleim delivered up the Amorites to Israel, and Joshua said before Israel, Sun, *be thou silent* upon Gibeon, and thou, O Moon, in the vale of Ajalon. And the sun *was silent*, and the moon *stayed*, after the people were avenged of their enemies. Shall not this be written in the book of the (Jasher) Righteous, that the sun *was silent in the midst of heaven*, and *hasted not during a whole day*.

Joshua, x. 12, 13.

T H E
ANATOMICAL CHAPTER
O F
K O H E L E T H,

THE ROYAL PREACHER.

T R A N S L A T E D.



NOW, in the day while vig'rous youth remains,
 Glows in the face, and revels in the veins,
 Attend, O man!—To mem'ry's care intrust
 The God, whose wisdom fashion'd thee from dust :
 For soon, alas! the pleasant moments fly,
 And years of sorrow all too soon are nigh.
 Then wilt thou say, (while time, by heaven's command,
 Shall warp thy features with his rugged hand)
 Then wilt thou say, Alas! from me is fled
 The joyful hour, and every pleasure's dead.
 For then each scene which mov'd thee with delight,
 Each pleasant scene shall fade upon thy sight ;
While

While shorten'd of their rays, with visage dun,
 Shines the full moon, and the unwearied sun ;
 The stars grow darker in th' etherial skies,
 And *rheums drop ceaseless from thy clouded eyes.* *
 Trembling shall seize thee in the palsied hand,
 For frail the *keepers of the mansion* stand.
 Few, and decay'd, the *grinding teeth* shall be,
 And bow'd the *mighty man*, the tottering knee.
 Lo! the soul's *windows* dark and gloomy grow ;
 The eye sinks beamless in the gather'd brow :
 That *door*, the mouth, shuts folding in the street ;
 The falling jaw *grinds silently* the meat.
 Blind and unconscious of the sunny ray,
 'The *cock's shrill note* † shall tell thee when 'tis day ;
 Tho' scarce 'tis heard, for hearing is decay'd,
 And low the *daughters of the song* ‡ are laid.

Then shall thy tottering step, thy failing sight,
 Whene'er thou walkest fill thee with affright ; §
 Unusual terror shall possess thy mind,
 Lest some high place ¶ precipitate the blind.
 'The *almond tree* its leafy boughs shall spread,
 And pour white blossoms on thy snowy head :

N

Then

* Arouet has chosen to follow this sense, instead of Dr. Mead's, it being the most probable of the two.—Kohleth was then speaking of the decaying sight. “ The clouds return “ after rain.”

† He shall rise up at the voice of the bird.

‡ The ears.

§ Fear shall be in the way.

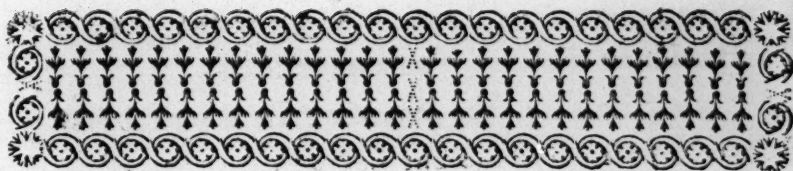
¶ They shall be afraid of that which is high.

Those who wish to see more upon this curious subject, may consult Poole's Annotations, and the *Medica Sacra* of Dr. Richard Mead.

Then vig'rous love shall fail, and warm desire,
 And cold and lifeless be the vital fire ;
 For man then hastens to his long, long home,
 And through the streets the busy mourners come.
 'Tis then the *silver cord* of life is slack,
 The spinal marrow loosens in the back ;
 The bones give way, the tottering pelvis shakes,
 Till at the fount the *bony pitcher* breaks ;
 The skull that whilom held the impatient soul,
 Gives way, and broken is the *golden bowl* ;
 The wheel stands broken at the cistern's head,
 The heart is moveless and the pulse is fled :
 Then while around thee, weeping kindred mourn,
 The dust shall prostrate to the dust return ;
 Th' immortal soul shall quit the frail abode,
 And soar sublimely to the realms of God.



E L E G I E S.



E L E G Y,

S A C R E D T O T H E
M A N E S O F P H I L A N D E R.

WRITTEN ON A RAINY TEMPESTUOUS MORNING.



L O! clouds on clouds, obsequious to the blast,
With spreading gloom the face of heaven o'ercaſt;
Down pours the rain——and thirſty earth receives
The humid burthen——patt'ring from the eves;
Whiſt her dark wing, black melancholy ſpreads
O'er every joy, and wraps the mind in ſhades.

Come heaven-born muſe, for tragic ſweetneſs known,
Where high thou ſhadow'ſt thy cœrulian throne;
In this dark hour, to lend thy votary aid,
From brighter realms deſcend, ceſteſtial maid:
Since none like thee, among the tuneful nine,
Can melt the ſoul in ſympathy divine;

Since

Since none like thee, beyond the grave can give,
 The poet's or the patriot's name to live:
 Lo! rais'd by thee, the mounting Bard would soar
 Beyond all view——sublime in tragic lore!——
 O come! the great, immortal thought inspire,
 That ev'ry line may glow with native fire;
 Then whilst I sing, forever sacred be
 The lays, Philander, for I sing of thee:
 Thee, with dire frowns, the ruthless fates beheld,
 When o'er thy bark the bellying canvas swell'd;
 Consign'd by them, Britannia's sons enslave
 Those free-born youths who press the Atlantic wave.

Oh! could I fall, the undaunted brave might say,
 In arms of conquest, and the face of day:
 Could I expire, the peaceful swain might cry,
 My friends around me, all my kindred by:
 Then would grim death his friendliest aspect wear,
 Nor all his terrors shake my soul with fear.

But ah! Philander no such blessing knew,
 No weeping kindred took their last adieu:
 All unbemoan'd the ærial spirit flies,
 And swift revisits its paternal skies.

When the tall oak, amidst tempestuous gloom,
 From heaven's own thunder shades the lowly broom;
 If o'er its head the livid light'nings burst,
 Rive the big trunk, and level it with dust;
 Each shrub laments the fall——and full in view,
 A mournful chasm——tells them where it grew.
 So fell Philander, and where once he stood,
 We long shall mourn the gen'rous and the good.

Ye sons of Pæan *, by your parent led,
 Weep round his grave, and mourn your brother dead.
 Like you he once approach'd, with sweet relief,
 The house of sickness, the abode of grief;
 With gen'rous ardour, striving to impart
 The heavenly blessings of the healing art.

With no rash tread, ye passers-by, presume
 To print the ashes on Philander's tomb;
 But ever sacred may the lone retreat,
 Be *Solitude's* supremely awful seat;
 Round all the place may mournful cypress grow,
 And *Death's* dread angel keep his charge below.

* Physicians.



E L E G Y,

E L E G Y,

SACRED TO THE MANES OF
MAJOR BENJAMIN HUGER.



I.

ENROLL'D among the mighty dead,
Where Honor points the trophy'd grave,
And virtue bends the pensive head ;
Sweet is the mem'ry of the brave.

II.

There friendship breathes the sigh sincere,
And freedom with dishevell'd hair,
Bedews the turf with many a tear,
While sorrow's dew-drops mingle there.

III.

But pensive Bard——O ! poet say,
Columbia's weeping genius cries,
Does not yon sod which skirts the way,
Mark the lone spot where HUGER lies ?

IV.

There melancholy loves to dwell,
And pale-eyed grief forever weeps;
She roams but where my HUGER fell,
And lives but where the warrior sleeps.

While

V.

While Bards, his virtues to relate,
 Awake the symphony of songs;
 Each sad remembrance of his fate,
 The melancholy verse prolongs.

VI.

'Tis done——and ah! resign we must.
 In peace, dear shade, forever rest;
 Nor ever may thy sacred dust,
 Be by unhallow'd steps impress.

* * * * *

IX.

The friends, who lov'd him here below,
 And still enraptur'd spread his fame,
 Have bid these lines of sorrow flow,
 In sweet remembrance of the name.

X.

On what great springs his spirit mov'd,
 Let those, with tears, who knew him tell——
 He liv'd, and he was all belov'd,
 He dy'd, and all lamented fell.



MONODY,

O

M O N O D Y,

TO THE MEMORY OF AN UNFORTUNATE

Y O U N G L A D Y.



AH me! she spoke—Did not Almena say,
Come Arouet, come my much lov'd youth away?
Did she not seem to court me from the place,
While smiles angelic beam'd upon her face?

Dear shade accept the tribute of this tear,
While to my soul thy memory shall be dear;
Still in my griefs thy idea shall have part,
And hold a place superior in my heart.

See what thick gloom the fable ev'ning shrouds,
No meteor trembles thro' the night of clouds;
In *sleep's* soft arms, surrounding *nature* lies,
Me, me alone, the envied blessing flies;
The night, the silence but augments my woe,
While streaming tears in ceaseless torrents flow.

Ah! why did I behold with raptur'd eyes,
The early dawn of glowing genius rise;
When fair Almena strove the soul to gain,
And nature listen'd to the pleasing strain:
Oh! much 'twas her's the bosom to inspire
With heaven-bred warmth, and fill the mind with fire;
To

To melt the soul, and bid our sorrows flow
To the soft tale of heavenly-pensive woe.

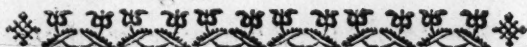
No more the music of thy voice we hear,
No more thy strains command the falling tear;
But the stern monarch of the silent tomb,
Shades all thy beauties in funereal gloom.
Ah! what avail'd that thy superior mind,
In its first dawn with glowing lustre shin'd;
That thy lov'd form by heaven was taught to please
With native charms, serenity and ease:
Since nought, dear maid, could all that sweetness save
From the dark angel of the gloomy grave.

How fair thy beauties met the early dawn,
The sun beheld them glorious in the morn;
But e'er his beams had pierc'd the noon-tide shade,
On earth's cold lap the wither'd rose was laid:
Almena fell, and o'er the lovely dead
Her shadowy veil the silent mansion spread.

Come kindly cruel fate, relieve my breast,
And lull my sorrows to eternal rest;
In yon lone tomb, beneath the foliage deep,
The lov'd Almena and myself may sleep.
May pale-ey'd *Sorrow* consecrate the seat,
And there the Angel of the grave retreat;
While no rash foot disturbs with impious tread,
The sacred ashes of the silent dead.



E P I T A P H.



ST O P, stranger stop, let one sad tear bedew
That sorrowing face; while this cold stone you
view :

Here death in icy arms confines that fair,
Who once was lovely as the angels are ;
But think not stranger——ever to behold
Transcendent worth on sculptur'd marble told ;
Ah no !——suffice it, if one mournful tear
Shall mix with mine in tender sorrow here.



E L E G Y.

E L E G Y.

P S A L M CXXXVII.

SPECIMEN OF THE NEW VERSION.



W H E N Zion's memory sadden'd every soul,
 How much we wept? how many were our
 sighs

By those slow rivers, which in silence roll,
 Where the proud spires of Babylon arise?

Our silent harps the lonely willows bore,
 No longer tuneful, since no longer strung;
 Alas! their music—for 'twas heard no more,
 No tabret trembled, and no warbler sung.

Yet the proud victors, all insulting stray
 Thro' our lone bands, and bid our sorrows cease:
 "Give us a song," the thoughtless victors say,
 "A song of Zion in her days of peace."

A song of peace!—Ah! thoughtless men, no more;
 For how can we JEHOVAH's praises sing?
 'Midst victor nations, on a foreign shore,
 How can we tune the sweetly trembling string?

Oh!

Oh! SALEM, SALEM, land forever dear,
 When thoughts of thee no longer warm my heart,
 May I experience vengeance most severe.
 And all the vigour of my hand depart.

To the parch'd palate may my tongue be bound,
 E're much-lov'd SALEM shall forgotten be ;
 E're thou inferior to my joys art found ;
 Or my best wishes center not in thee.

Remember Lord, thy Zion's many foes ;
 The sons of Edom, with their war-like powers ;
 Around our city how the croud arose,
 And urg'd the ruin of her peaceful towers.

Lo! now the dire destroying angel rides !
 And hear, O Edom, land forever curst,
 Blest shall he be, who while our vengeance guides,
 Lays thy proud turrets smoaking in the dust.

Thrice happy he, who all thy little ones,
 (That prattle round) with ruthless ruin greets,
 To dash them brainless on the spatter'd stones,
 And spread the carnage o'er thy bloody streets.



T H E

DEATH OF WERTER,



I.

AND say, did CHARLOTTE's hand these pistols give?
 Come ye dear pledges, sacred to my love——
 Since given by her, 'twould be a crime to live——
 No ; come ye pistols ; all your death I prove.

II.

But first one kiss, for there did CHARLOTTE touch,
 Ye sacred relicks, now are ye most dear ;
 Tho' o'er your deeds will CHARLOTTE sorrow much,
 And even ALBERT drop a pitying tear.

III.

May heaven forgive the unconsider'd deed !
 It gaye me passions, nor could I controul :
 But if, poor WERTER, 'tis a crime to bleed,
 The God of Heaven have mercy on thy soul !

IV.

CHARLOTTE I go !——my pistols have their load :
 My last, my dying thoughts are fix'd on you !
 I go ! I go thro' death's untrodden road ;
 Once, and forever, CHARLOTTE——Oh ! Adieu !

* * *

WERTER'S

W E R T E R ' S E P I T A P H .



I.

S'TRANGER ! whoe'er thou art, that from below
 This grass-green hill, with steady steps dost press:
 Shed sympathetic tears ; for stranger know,
 Here lies the son of *Sorrow* and *Distress*.

II.

Although his soul with every virtue mov'd ;
 Tho' at his birth deceitful fortune smil'd,
 In one sad hour, too fatally he lov'd ;
 False fortune frown'd, and he was *Sorrow's* child.

III.

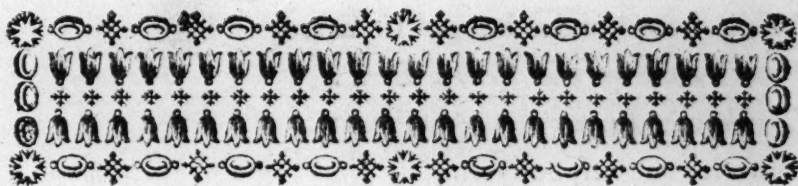
Heaven gave him passions, as the virtue gave ;
 But gave not power those passions to suppress :
 By them subdu'd he slumbers in the grave——
 The soul's last refuge from terrene distress.

IV.

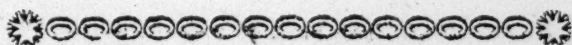
Around his tomb, the sweetest grass shall spring ;
 And annual flowers shall ever blossom here ;
 Here fairy forms their loveliest gifts shall bring,
 And passing strangers shed the pitying tear.

O D E S.

P



RETIREMENT.



HA I L sweet retirement ! hail !
Best state of man below ;
To smoothe the tide of passions frail,
And bear the soul away from scenery of woe——
When retir'd from bu y noise,
Vexing cares, and troubled joys,
To a mild serener air
In the country, we repair ;
Calm enjoy the rural scene,
Sportive o'er the meadows green,
When the sun's enliv'ning ray,
Speaks the genial month of May ;
Lo ! his am'rous wanton beams,
Dance on yonder chrystal streams,
In soft dalliance pass the hours,
Kissing dew-drops from the flowers ;
While soft music thro' the grove,
Sweetly tunes the soul to love ;
And the hills, harmonious round,
Echo with responsive sound.
There the *Turtle Dove* alone,
Makes his soft melodious moan ;

While

While from yonder bough 'tis heard,
 Sweetly chirps the *Yellow Bird* :
 There the *Linnet's* downy throat,
 Warbles the responsive note ;
 And to all the neighb'ring groves,
Robin Redbreast tells his loves.

There, AMANDA, we might walk,
 And of soft endearments talk ;
 Or anon we'd listen, love,
 To the gently cooing dove.
 In some sweet embow'ring shade,
 Some fair seat by nature made,
 I my love would gently place,
 On the tender woven grass ;
 Seated by thy lovely side,
 Oh ! how great would be my pride ;
 While my soul should fix on thine——
 Oh ! the joy to call thee mine.

For why should doves have more delight,
 Than we, my sweet AMANDA, might ;
 And why should Larks and Linnets be
 More happy, lovely maid, than we ?

There the pride of genius blooms,
 There sweet contemplation comes ;
 There is science heavenly fair ;
 Sweet philosophy is there.
 With each author valued most,
 Ancient glory, modern boast :
 There the mind may revel o'er
 Doughty deeds of days of yore ;

How the mighty warriors stood——
 How the field was dy'd in blood——
 How the shores were heap'd with dead——
 And the rivers stream'd with red ;
 While the heroes souls on flame,
 Urg'd them on to deathless fame ;
 Or we view a different age,
 Pictur'd in th' historic page ;
 Kings descending from a throne ;
 Tyrants making kingdoms groan ;
 With each care on state ally'd,
 And all the scenery of pride :——
 Or perhaps we'll study o'er
 Books of philosophic lore ;
 Read what Socrates has thought,
 And how god-like Plato wrote :
 View the earth with Bacon's eyes,
 Or with Newton read the skies ;
 See each planetary ball,
 One great sun attracting all ;
 All by gravitation held,
 Self attracted, self repell'd :
 We shall cheat away old time,
 Passing moments so sublime.

Hail, sweet Retirement ! hail !
 Best state of man below ;
 To smoothe the tide of passions frail,
 And bear the soul away from scenery of woe.



O D E

FOR THE ANNIVERSARY OF
AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE,

JULY 4, 1785.

TUNE, "THAT POWER WHO FORM'D THE UNMEASUR'D SEAS."



I.

SONS of Columbia! all attend,
And give the genius of your land,
The tribute of a song;
For now eight summers past away,
Again returns the glorious day,
When Freedom made us strong.

II.

She warm'd our hearts and arm'd our hands;
Breath'd gen'rous ardour through our bands,
And bade us dare be free:
By her inspir'd, we rush to fight,
Resolv'd to conquer in her right,
And INDEPENDENT be.

III.

III.

But while with joy the board is crown'd,
 O let some gen'rous tears flow round,
 For heroes great and good :
 Who, martyrs in the glorious cause,
 Their country, liberty, and laws,
 Defended with their blood.

IV.

Let not great WARREN's name expire,
 While your breasts glow with living fire,
 And swell with lust of fame :
 But thro' the track of ages known,
 Transmitted from the fire to son,
 Immortal be the name.

V.

Bards long shall sing th' illustrious train,
 Who sleep on ABRAHAM's fatal plain,
 Near fam'd St. Laurence coast :
 There to the great MONTGOMERY's shade,
 Be everlasting honors paid,
 And peace attend the ghost.

VI.

Such patriots still to mem'ry dear,
 Let CAROLINA long revere :
 By whose brave fall we rise.
 While joy proclaims, that MOULTRIE bears
 Our government ; and high he rears
 Its fabrick to the skies.

VII.

VII.

Thus, long as Time itself endure,
 Our INDEPENDENCE rests secure,
 Nor fears a tyrant's nod.
 When the last fire involves this ball,
 Then, not till then, the cause shall fall,
 Of liberty, and God.

VIII.

Then, as the circling year comes round,
 With freedom's choicest blessings crown'd,
 We'll hail th' illustrious day :
 And every poet shall resume
 His annual task, in years to come;
 To raise the votive lay.



ODE.

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O D E.



“SAY LOVE, why with such pleasing smart
Such painful blifs, you throb the heart ?

Why do such diff'rent feelings join
To move a soul so frail as mine ?

Say why AMANDA'S charms molett,
And raise such tumults in my breast ;

Why at her sight my pulses swell ;
My refluent blood in tides rebel ;

My bounding heart unruly beat,
And throb succeeding throb repeat ;

My breast alternate fall and rise ;

My breath grow short, sighs following sighs ;

My every feature speak desire ;

My frame by sudden tremor shook ;

I almost faint, almost expire,

And send my soul at every look ?

Kind gentle God, the cause explain ;

Relieve my doubts and ease my pain.”

One day as o'er the flowery mead,

I with a brother poet stray'd,

Thus to the god of love I cry'd——

And thus love's gentle God reply'd :——

Q

O heaven-lov'd

" O heav'n-lov'd youth ! celestial Bard,
 Thy woes are known, thy plaints are heard ;
 Well canst thou soar on vent'rous wing,
 For thee the gods have taught to sing ;
 But to no purpose wouldst thou know,
 Why thy AMANDA moves thee so,
 Since smiling heavens thy bliss ordain,
 The fair shall burn with equal pain :
 Nor shalt thou make thy plaintive moan,
 Of love-lorn misery alone."

He drew the bow——unknown to save,
 And pierc'd my sweet AMANDA's breast :
 The pain that fated arrow gave,
 In sweet relief, her lover bless'd.



A B S E N C E.

A B S E N C E.

T O

A M A N D A.



I.

S A Y my dear maid, can nought express
 The pain a tender bosom proves ;
 Or speak a doating youth's distress,
 When absent from the maid he loves?

II.

Can language breathe his many sighs?
 Amanda, no. " All words are vain,"
 Th' experienc'd son of sorrow cries,
 " To speak an absent lover's pain."

III.

Wilt thou not weep, by pity mov'd,
 Responsive as my sorrow rolls?
 Wilt thou not say, O ! best lov'd,
 That absence is the death of souls?

IV.

Yet cease AMANDA ! cease to mourn,
 For happier days great Heaven will give——
 Thy absent Arouet shall return,
 And blest in meeting, both shall live.



A Y D E R

A Y D E R A L I.



S E E AYDER, at his army's head,
 Bend o'er the field where nations bled !
 The bloody fates his ensign bore !
 And rivers foam'd with human gore !

Behold, like death, within his hand,
 The fatal sword that drench'd the land !
 'Tis thirsty still for warriors blood,
 And longs to drink the vital flood.

All bath'd in gore, untaught to yield,
 The chieftain thunders thro' the field ;
 And swift impels, with fatal force,
 O'er heaps of death, his foaming horse !

Where'er his sword the warrior wav'd,
 With carnage all the field was lav'd !
 And where his deathful armies stood,
 The plains around them *swam in blood*.

Hark ! heard you not the horrid moan,
 That dismal, universal groan ?
 The death of nations echo'd round ;
 And dying millions grac'd the sound.

Yet, while thy swift successes fly,
 O ! AYDER ! think THYSELF MUST DIE :
 And INDIA, welt'ring in her gore,
 Shall bless her Gods, when thou'rt no more.



P S A L M

P S A L M

CXLIX.

SPECIMEN OF THE NEW VERSION.



I.

TO God, the King of Heaven, prepare
 The newest song, the noblest air;
 And let his crouded churches join
 Their chorus in the GRAND DESIGN.

II.

To HIM the tribute ISRAEL gives,
 By whom he's form'd, by whom he lives:
 And in their king, with chearful voice,
 The sons of ZION shall rejoice.

III.

Let them, with stately steps, advance
 His honors in the winding dance;
 To praise his name, with songs conspire,
 The tabret and the tuneful lyre.

IV.

He loves the church, and ever kind,
 He still assists the humble mind:
 Then let his joyful people raise,
 Melodious anthems to his praise.

V.

V.

Still shall the church his might proclaim,
 And still repeat the awful name ;
 While glitt'ring weapons, double steel'd,
 Each braver hand with power shall wield.

VI.

Thus shall they spread his glory wide,
 O'er all the extent of heathen pride ;
 And captive kings shall own his reign,
 In many an iron fetter'd chain.

VII.

His awful will their God commands,
 To spread o'er all the heathen lands ;
 But his lov'd saints enjoy alone,
 Such honors from th' eternal throne.



H Y M N.

H Y M N

T O T H E

S U N.

TRANSLATED FROM OSSIAN.



O THOU that rollest on high, *
 As round as the shield of my fires !
 From whence dost thou beam thro' the sky,
 From whence dost thou scatter thy fires ?

The stars hide themselves from the day,
 Thou comest all beautiful drest ;
 The cold pale moon hastens away,
 She sinks in the wave of the west.

But thou in thy course art alone ;
 Who can thy companion be made ?
 The oaks of the mountains are gone,
 The mountains themselves are decay'd.

The ocean inconstant we name,
 Ev'n Luna is hidden in night ;

But

* This passage is something similar to Satan's address to the Sun, in the fourth book of Milton's *Paradise Lost*.

O thou, that with surpassing glory crown'd,
 Look'st from thy sole dominion like the god
 Of this world ; at whose sight all the stars
 Hide their diminish'd heads ! to thee I call,
 But with no friendly voice, and add thy name,
 O Sun ! ———

But thou art forever the same,
Forever rejoicing in light.

When earth is all darkn'd with storm,
When lightnings flash over the ground;
When thunders the heavens deform,
Thou smilest in beauty around.

But Ossian no more can behold
Thy beam from the gates of the west,
Nor view thy hair sparkling with gold
That flows on the clouds of the east.

Perhaps thou like me wilt decay,
The skies thou shalt cease to adorn,
Shalt sleep in the clouds of thy day,
Nor care for the voice of the morn.

Rejoice then, O Sun! in thy might,
Since age must o'ertake thee so soon;
Unlovely as glimmering night,
As dark as the beam of the moon.

When the moon looks all pale thro' the clouds, †
When the northern blast echoes aloud,
When mist every mountain-top shrouds,
And the traveller shrinks in the road.

† Thus Virgil:—*Quale per incertam lunam sub luce
maligna
Est iter in silvis; ubi cælum conditit umbra
Jupiter, & rebus nox abstulit atra colorum.*

Thus wander travellers in woods by night,
By the moon's doubtful and malignant light;
When Jove in dusky clouds involves the skies,
And the fair crescent shoots by fits before their eyes.

DRYDEN.

F I N I S.